

THINGS SEEN¹

" (*CHOSSES VUES*)

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VICTOR HUGO

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THINGS SEEN.

1847.

THE TESTE AND CUBIÈRES TRIAL.

July.

ON the evening of the day when the judicial committee of Peers determined to prosecute M. Teste, chance willed it that the Chancellor had to go to Neuilly with the Bureau of the Chamber to present to the King a bill which had been passed.

The Chancellor and the Peers of the Bureau (among whom was Count Daru) found the King in a furious state of mind. He had been informed of the prosecution of M. Teste. Immediately he caught sight of them, he advanced towards them with rapid strides.

"What, Chancellor," he said, "was not one of my former Ministers enough for you? Must you have a second? You have taken Teste now. So that after I have spent seventeen years in France in setting up authority once more, in one day, in one hour, you have allowed it to be cast down again. You destroy the whole work of my reign! You debase authority, power, the government. And you do that, you, the Chancellor of the House of Peers!" *Et cetera.*

The squall was a violent one. The Chancellor was very firm. He resolutely refused to give in to the King. He said that, doubtless, policy was to be considered, but that it was necessary also to listen to justice; that the Chamber of Peers also had its independence as a legislative power, and its sovereignty as a judicial power; that this independence and sovereignty must be respected, and if need be, would make themselves respected; that, moreover, in the present state of opinion, it would have been a very serious matter to refuse satisfaction to it; that it would be doing an injury to the country and to the King not to do what this opinion demanded, and what justice required; that there were times when it was more prudent to advance than to retreat, and that finally what had been done was done. "And well done," added Daru. "We shall see," said the King.

And from anger he relapsed into uneasiness.

July 8th.

Half-past twelve. The Court enters. A crowd in the galleries. No one in the reserved galleries except Colonel Poizat, governor of the Palace. In the diplomatic galleries two persons only, Lord Normanby, the English Ambassador, and Count de Lævenhølm, the Swedish Minister.

The accused are brought in. Three tables, with a green baize covering, have been placed facing the Court; to each of these tables there is a chair, and at the back is a bench for the counsel. . Président Teste sits down at the

middle table, General Cubières at the right-hand table, Parmentier at the left-hand table. All three are dressed in black.

Parmentier entered some time after the two Peers. Teste, who is a Commander of the Legion of Honour, has the rosette of the decoration in his button-hole; Cubières, who is a Grand Officer, the plain ribbon. Before sitting down, the General converses with his counsel, then turns over, with a very busy air, the volume of documents relating to the case. He wears his ordinary look. Teste is pale and calm. He rubs his hands like a man who is pleased. Parmentier is stout, bald, has white hair, a red face, a hooked nose, a mouth like a sabre-cut, thin lips; the appearance of a rascal. He wears a white tie, as does also President Teste. The General wears a black cravat. The three defendants do not look at each other. Parmentier casts his eyes down, and affects to be playing with the gold chain of his watch, which he displays with the ostentation of a country bumpkin against his black waistcoat. A young man, with a thin black moustache, who is said to be his son, is seated on his left.

Being questioned as to his position in life, Teste rises and says: "I thought it would not be seemly to bring to this bar the honours which I have had conferred upon me." (Visible impression on the Court.) "I placed them yesterday in the hands of the King." (This makes a manifestly favourable impression.)

The indictment is read. It sets forth the following facts:

Parmentier, Director of the Mines of Gouhenans,

alleges that he remitted to General Cubières 94,000 francs for the purpose of obtaining from M. Teste, Minister of Public Works, a grant of a salt-mine. M. Teste emphatically denies having received this sum: Parmentier is quite ready to believe that it was intercepted, and that he was thus defrauded of it either by M. Cubières or another shareholder in the mines, M. Pellapra, who, it appears, acted as a go-between from the General to M. Teste. Parmentier is accused of corruption; Cubières and Pellapra of corruption and fraud; Teste of "having received gifts and presents to perform an act of his duty not subject to payment."

Pellapra has fled. Cubières, Teste and Parmentier appear.

While the indictment is being read, Cubières hides his face and forehead in his left hand, and follows the reading of the volume which has been circulated. Teste also follows it, and annotates his copy with a steel pen. He has put on his eye-glasses. From time to time he takes snuff out of a great boxwood snuff-box, and converses with his counsel, M. Paillet. Parmentier appears very attentive.

July 10th.

This is what I can make out of it after the two first days.

I have spoken to General Cubières four or five times in my life, and to President Teste once only, and yet, in this affair, I am as much interested in their fate as though

they were friends of mine of twenty years' standing. Why? I will say it at once. It is because I believe them to be innocent.

I "believe," is not strong enough; I see them to be innocent. This view may, perhaps, be modified, for this affair changes like the waves, and alters its aspect from one moment to another; but at the present time, after much perplexity, after many transitions, after many painful intervals, in which I have more than once trembled and shuddered in my conscience, I am convinced that General Cubières is innocent of the act of fraud, that President Teste is innocent of the act of corruption.

What is this affair then? To my mind, it resumes itself in two words: commission and black-mail; commission deducted by Pellapra, black-mail extorted by Parmentier. A commission tainted with fraud and swindling, was the cause of the first act alleged in the indictment; black-mail was the cause of the scandal. Hence the whole case.

I have no leaning towards guilt which is not invincibly proved to me. My inclination is to believe in innocence. As long as there remains in the probabilities of a case a possible refuge for the innocence of the accused, all my theories, I will not say incline, but precipitate themselves, towards it.

Sunday, July 11th.

An adjournment takes place over to-day. The second and third hearing were devoted to the examination of the accused.

At the opening of Friday's sitting were read communications which had been unexpectedly made by Messrs. Léon de Malleville and Marrast, and which appear to throw a strong light upon this trial. The defendants entered the Court pale and dejected, Parmentier, however, with more assurance than the others. M. Teste listened to the reading of the new documents, while leaning his elbow upon the table and half hiding his face in his hand; General Cubières, with his eyes cast downwards; Parmentier, with perceptible embarrassment.

The examination began with the General.

M. Cubières has a doll-like face, an undecided look, a hesitating manner of speaking, red cheeks; I believe him to be innocent of fraud; however, I am not deeply impressed with him. During the examination he stood up, and gently beat a tattoo upon the table with the tip of a wooden paper knife, with a look of profound ease. The Procurator-General, M. Delangle, a rather commonplace lawyer, treated him once or twice with insolence; Cubières, a Waterloo man, did not venture to say a word in return to make his ears tingle. I felt for him. In the opinion of the Court, he is already convicted.

The first part of the examination was badly conducted. There was but one expression of opinion at the refresh-

ment-bar. The Chancellor is a remarkable veteran, out of the common, but then he is eighty-two years of age; at eighty-two years of age one cannot face either a woman or a crowd.

Parmentier, interrogated by the General, spoke with ease and a sort of vulgar glibness which was sometimes witty, at others shrewd, skilful throughout, never eloquent. He is a man who, to tell the truth, is a scoundrel. He is not aware of it himself. This shameless creature has a twist in his mind, and exposes his nakedness just as Venus would do. A toad who fancies he is beautiful is a repulsive spectacle. He was hissed. At first he either did not hear or did not understand; however, he ended by understanding; then the perspiration stood in beads upon his face; every now and then, amidst the marks of disgust of the assemblage, he nervously wiped the streaming surface of his bald head, looked about him with a certain air of entreaty and bewilderment, feeling that he was lost and trying to recover himself. Yet he continued to speak and to expose his mental defects, while low tones of indignation drowned his utterances, and his anguish increased. At this moment I felt pity for the wretched man.

M. Teste, who was examined yesterday, spoke like an innocent man; frequently he was exceedingly eloquent. He was not an advocate; he was a real man who suffered, who tore out his very vitals and exposed them to view before his judges, saying: See there. He profoundly impressed me. While he spoke, a light broke in upon me that this whole affair might be explained by a fraud committed by Pellapra.

Teste is sixty-seven years of age; he has a Southern accent, a large and expressive mouth, a tall forehead giving him a look of intelligence, the eyes deep set and at times sparkling; his whole bodily activity overwhelmed and crushed, but he is energetic withal. He moved about, started, shrugged his shoulders, smiled bitterly, took snuff, turned over his papers, annotated them rapidly, held in check the Procurator-General or the Chancellor, shielded Cubières, who is his ruin, showed his contempt for Parmentier, who defends him, threw out notes, interruptions, replies, complaints, shouts. He was turbulent yet ingenuous, overcome with emotion yet dignified. He was clear, rapid, persuasive, supplicating, menacing, full of anguish without any trepidation, moderate and violent, haughty and tearful. At one point he powerfully affected me. His very soul found expression in the cries which he uttered. I was tempted to rise and say to him: 'You have convinced me; I will leave my seat and take up my position on the bench at your side; will you let me be your counsel?'—And then I restrained myself, thinking that if his innocence continued to be made manifest to me, I should perhaps be more useful to him as a judge among his judges.

Pellapra is the pivot on which the case turns. Teste appears sincerely grieved at his flight. If Pellapra returns all will be clear. I ardently hope that Teste is innocent, and that if innocent he will be saved.

At the rising of the Court, I followed him with my eyes as he went out. He slowly and sadly crossed the benches of the Peers, looking to right and left upon these chairs, which perhaps he will never occupy again. Two

ushers who guarded him, walked one in front of him, and the other behind him.

July 12th.

The aspect of the case has suddenly changed. Some fresh documents* are terribly incriminating to Teste. Cubières rises, and confirms the authenticity and importance of these documents. Teste replies haughtily and energetically, but for all that his confidence diminishes. His mouth contracts; I feel uneasy about him. I begin to tremble for fear he has been deceiving us all. Parmentier listens, almost with a smile, and with his arms carelessly folded. Teste sits down again, and takes an immense number of pinches of snuff out of his great boxwood snuff-box, then wipes the perspiration off his forehead with a red silk handkerchief. The Court is profoundly agitated.

"I can imagine what he suffers by what I suffer myself," M. de Pontécoulant said to me.—"What torture it is!" said General Neigre.—"It is a slow guillotine stroke," said Bertin de Vaux. Apprehension is at its height among the members of the Court and the public. All are anxious not to lose one word. The

* A letter of Madame Pellapra, signed *Emilie Pellapra*.—Six notes written by Teste and recognised by him (he took them in his trembling hand and said: "They are mine"). An extract from the accounts of Pellapra appearing to show that he had remitted the 94,000 francs to Teste.

Peers cry out to those who address them : " Speak up ! Speak up ! We cannot hear." The Chancellor begs the Court to consider his great age.

The heat is insupportable.

The stockbroker Goupil gives his evidence. Teste makes a desperate struggle.

M. Charles Dupin questions the stockbroker. Teste follows him with his eyes, and applauds him with a smile. Anything more doleful than this smile could not be imagined.

On this occasion, the private conference was held before the sitting, in the old Chamber. The Peers buzzed like a swarm of bees. The Chancellor came to the Bench on which I was seated, and spoke to me of matters connected with the Académie ; then of the trial, of his feeling of fatigue and grief ; saying how pleasant was a meeting of the Académie after a sitting of the Court of Peers.

In his evidence, M. Legrand, Under-Secretary of State for Public Works, described Teste as : "*A person who is sitting behind me.*" Teste shrugged his shoulders.

After the serious evidence of the notary Roquebert, the face of Teste assumes an agonised expression.

At the production of the document for the Treasury, he turned red, wiped his forehead in anguish, and turned towards his son. They exchanged a few words, then Teste began once more to turn over his papers, and the son buried his head in his hands.

In one hour, Teste has aged ten years ; his head moves, his lower lip twitches. Yesterday he was a lion ; to-day he is a booby.

Everything in this affair moves by fits and starts. Yesterday, I *saw* that Teste was innocent; to-day I see that he is guilty. Yesterday I admired him, to-day I should be tempted to despise him were he not so miserable. But I no longer feel anything but pity for him.

This trial is one of the most terrible spectacles which I have ever witnessed in my life. It is a moral dismemberment. That which our forefathers saw eighty years ago in the Place de Grève, on the day of the execution of Damians, we have seen to-day, on the day of the execution of President Teste in the Court of Peers. We have seen a man tortured with hot irons and dismembered, in the spirit. Every hour, every minute, something was torn from him; at twelve o'clock his distinction as a magistrate; at one o'clock his reputation as an upright Minister; at two o'clock his conscience as an honest man; half an hour later, the respect of others; a quarter of an hour afterwards, his own self-respect. In the end, he was but a corpse. It lasted for six hours.

For my own part, as I said to the Chief President Legagneur, I doubt whether I should ever have the hardihood, even were Teste convicted and guilty, to add any punishment whatever to this unparalleled chastisement, to this frightful torment.

July 13th.

As I entered the cloak-room, Viscount Lemer cier, who was there, said to me : " Have you heard the news ? "—" No."—" Teste has attempted to commit suicide and failed."

The fact is as stated. M. Teste, yesterday evening at nine o'clock, fired two pistol-shots at himself; he fired two shots simultaneously, one with each hand. One he aimed in his mouth, and the cap missed fire; the other at his heart, and the bullet rebounded, the shot being fired from too close a distance.

The Chancellor read in the private conference, the official documents detailing the occurrence; they were afterwards re-read at the public sitting. The pistols were deposited upon the table of the Court. They are two very little pistols, quite new, with ivory handles.

Teste, not having succeeded in destroying himself, refuses henceforth to appear before the Court. He has written to the Chancellor a letter in which he abandons his defence, *the documents produced yesterday leaving no room for contradiction*. This is the language of an advocate, not of a man; a man would have said: " I am guilty."

When we entered the Court, M. Dupin the elder, who was seated behind me on the Deputies' bench, said to me: " Guess what book Teste sent for to kill time with ? "—" I do not know."—" *Monte-Cristo!* ' Not the first four volumes,' he said, ' I have read them.' *Monte-Cristo* was not to be found in the library of the House of

Peers. It had to be borrowed from a public reading-room, which only had it in periodical parts. Teste spends his time in reading these parts."

My neighbour, the Duke de Brancas, who is a kind and worthy veteran, says to me: "Do not oppose the condemnation. It is God's justice which will be done."

Yesterday evening, when General Cubières was informed that Teste had fired two pistol-shots at himself, he wept bitterly.

I note that to-day is a fatal day, the 13th of July. The seat lately occupied by Teste is empty at the sitting. The clerk of the court, La Chauvinière, reads the indictment. M. Cubières listens with an air of profound sadness, then hides his face in his hand. Parmentier holds his head down the whole time. The events of yesterday,—the attempted suicide of Teste and his letter to the Chancellor,—destroy in its very foundations the abominable line of defence of Parmentier.

At ten minutes past one, the Procurator-General Delangle rises to address the Court. He twice repeats, amidst the painful impression which prevails: "*Messieurs les Pairs . . .*" then stops short, and continues: "*The trial is ended.*" The Procurator-General spoke only for ten minutes.

It is a curious fact that Teste and Delangle have all their lives been brought into close association, Delangle following Teste, and in the end prosecuting him. Teste was the *Bâtonnier* of the bar; Delangle held the office immediately after him. Teste was appointed President of the Court of Cassation; Delangle entered the same

court as Advocate-General. Teste is accused, Delangle is Procurator-General.

I now understand the meaning of the movement of the father and son which I noticed yesterday at the moment of the production of the document from the Treasury; the father said to the son: "Give me the pistols." The son handed them to him, and then sank his head in his hands. It is in this way, I think, the sombre tragedy must have happened.

At the opening of the sitting, the Chancellor reads a letter in which Cubières resigns his position as a Peer.

The question is put as to whether the accused are guilty.

"Is Cubières guilty of fraud?"—Unanimously: "No."

Upon the question of corruption:

"Is Teste guilty?"—Unanimously: "Yes."

"Is Cubières guilty?"—Unanimously, with the exception of three votes: "Yes."

"Is Parmentier guilty?"—Unanimously: "Yes."

Sentences:

Teste is sentenced to civil degradation, unanimously, with the exception of one vote.

Upon the question of the fines, I rose in my turn, and said:

"I desire to punish a guilty man; I do not desire to punish a family, that is to say, innocent persons. The restitution of the money received, to my mind, would be sufficient. No fine. My lords, the example is not in a fine; the example is in the terrible things which you have seen; the example is in the terrible act to which you have just committed yourselves. A fine deteriorates

the example. It places a question of money in the place of a question of honour."

Teste was condemned to pay a fine of 94,000 francs.,

At half-past six, a fresh letter from General Cubières is read, in which he states that he has requested that he may be placed on the retired list. The unhappy man throws something overboard at every moment.

July 15th.

At half-past twelve, the calling of the names takes place. The court is profoundly and painfully agitated. The law officials claim the whole law, the whole penalty against Cubières; the nobles are more humane.

The Court proceeds to pass sentence.

Upon the question whether Teste should be imprisoned, I said:

"My lords, the guilty man has already been sufficiently punished. At the present moment he is sixty-seven years of age; in five years he will be seventy-two. I will not add one word. No imprisonment!"

Teste is sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Respecting Cubières and the penalty of civic degradation, when my turn came, I said:

"I feel that the Court is weary, and I am suffering myself from a feeling of agitation which unsettles me; I rise notwithstanding. I have studied, as you have, my lords, with whatever intelligence and power of attention I may have, the whole of the indictment in this de-

plorable case. I have examined facts. I have contrasted persons. I have endeavoured to penetrate not only into the heart of the case, but into the heart of these men you are trying at this moment. Well, this is the conclusion I have arrived at: In my opinion, General Cubières was led astray. Led astray by Pellapra, defrauded by Parmentier. Under these circumstances, there has been, I acknowledge, weakness,—a weakness censurable, inexcusable, gravely culpable even,—but, after all, only weakness, and weakness is not baseness, and I do not wish to punish weakness with infamy. I will avow, and the Court will pardon this avowal, that during the many hours that this unfortunate affair has occupied our minds, I imagined that you were going to render an altogether different decision in your all-powerful and sovereign justice. I should have wished to leave in his terrible isolation the painful and conspicuous figure of the principal defendant. This man, who, by dint of talent, has contrived—a miracle which, for my part, I should always have thought impossible—to be great in his abasement and touching in his shame: this man I should have liked to punish simply with civic degradation. And I should have wished to add nothing to this fearful penalty; in such a case that which increases diminishes. For the weak and unfortunate General Cubières, I should have wished a sentence of deprivation, for a certain period of time, of the civic and civil rights mentioned in Article 401. And finally, for the men of money, I should have wished money penalties; for the miscreants, humiliating penalties; for Parmentier, fine and imprisonment. For these men of such diversity of guilt, I should have

wished for a diversity of penalties, which your omnipotence would permit you to decree, and the observance of this proportion between the misdeeds and the punishments appeared to me to be in accordance with conscience, and I will add, although that concerns me less, in accordance with public opinion.* In your wisdom you have judged otherwise: I bow to it, but I beg you nevertheless to approve my remaining of the same opinion. In an assembly in which there are so many men of importance, who have occupied, or who will yet occupy, the highest functions in the State and the government, I appreciate, I honour, I respect that noble feeling of outraged decency which leads you to inflict unusually heavy penalties at this juncture, and to afford not only the most just but also the most cruel satisfaction to public opinion. I, gentlemen, am not a lawyer, I am not a soldier, I am not a public functionary, I am an ordinary taxpayer, I am a member, like any one else, of the great crowd from which emanates that public opinion to which you defer; and it is for this, it is because I am simply this, that I am perhaps qualified to say to you: Enough! Stop! Go as far as the limits of justice; do not overstep them. The example has been set. Do not destroy that isolation of the condemned man Teste, which is the grand aspect, the grand moral lesson of the trial. As long as it was a question only of this unhappy man, I spoke to you merely in the language of pity; I speak to you now in the language of equity, solemn and austere equity. I conjure you, give credit to General Cubières for his sixty years of honourable life, give credit to him for the agony he has suffered, for those four years of torture which he

endured at the villainous hands of Parmentier, for this public exposure upon that bench during four days; give credit to him for that unjust accusation of fraud, which was also a torture to him; give credit to him for his generous hesitation to save himself by ruining Teste; give credit to him, finally, for his heroic conduct upon the battle-field of Waterloo, where I regret that he did not remain. I formally propose to sentence M. Cubières to the penalty provided by Article 401, together with Article 42, that is to say, to a suspension of civil and civic rights for ten years. I vote against civic degradation."

At seven o'clock there still remain eighty Peers who have not voted. The Chancellor proposes an adjournment until the morrow. Objections are made: An adjournment while the voting is taking place! M. Cauchy reads precedent from the Quénisset trial. Uproar. The adjournment is carried.

July 16th.

Continuation of the voting upon the question of the penalty to be inflicted upon General Cubières.

The penalty of civic degradation is carried by 130 votes to 48.

He is condemned besides to a fine of 10,000 francs.

No imprisonment.

It appears that the decision in favour of inflicting the penalty of civic degradation upon General Cubières which

has just been arrived at, has reached the prison. Just now, I heard in the street the dreadful cries of Madame de Cubières and Madame de Sampays, her sister, who were with the General at the moment when the news was communicated to him.

July 17th.

Sentence upon Parmentier.

Upon the question of civic degradation, I said :

I should have wished, as the Court is aware, in order that a great example might be made, that President Teste should have been left in his degrading isolation, alone under the burden of civic degradation. The Court did not agree with me ; it thought proper to associate with him General Cubières. I cannot do otherwise than associate with him Parmentier. I vote for civic degradation, while profoundly regretting that I am obliged, after this great social and public penalty has been inflicted upon two ex-Ministers, upon two Peers of France, to whom it is everything, to inflict it upon this wretch, to whom it is nothing.

Parmentier is condemned to civic degradation and a fine of 10,000 francs. No imprisonment.

As we were about to leave, and were in the cloak-room, Anatole de Montesquiou, who constantly voted in the most lenient sense, pointed out to me, in the second compartment of the cloak-room, near that in which I am putting on my things, an old Peer's robe hanging at the

side of the robe of the Minister of Public Instruction. This robe is worn at the elbows, the gilt of the buttons is rubbed off, the embroidery faded; an old ribbon of the Legion of Honour is in the button-hole, more yellow than red, and half untied. Above this robe was written, according to custom, the name of its owner: M. TESTE.

My opinion is that the public will consider the decree of the Court of Peers just in the case of Teste, harsh in that of Cubières, and lenient in that of Parmentier.

At half-past-four, the doors were thrown open to the public. An immense crowd had been waiting since the morning. In a moment the galleries were noisily filled. It was like a wave. Then profound silence when the calling of the names began. The Peers replied, generally speaking, in a barely audible and weary tone of voice.

Then the Chancellor put on his shaped hat of black velvet lined with ermine and read the decree. The Procurator-General was at his post. The Chancellor read the decree in a firm tone, very remarkable in an old man of eighty years of age. Whatever may have been said by certain newspapers, he did not shed "silent tears."

The judgment will be read presently by the Chief Clerk of the Court to the condemned men.

It will be just a month ago to-morrow, the 18th, that Teste was arraigned by the judicial committee of the Peers and that he said to them: "I thank you for placing me in a position which gives me the precious privilege of defending myself."

July 21st.

It is a curious fact that M. Teste, who, as Minister of Public Works, had this Luxembourg prison built, is the first Minister who has been confined in it. This reminds one of the gibbet of Montfaucon, and of Enguerrand de Marigny.

M. Teste occupies in this prison an apartment separated only by a partition from the apartment of General Cubières. The partition is so thin that, as M. Teste speaks loudly, Madame de Cubières was obliged on the first day to tap upon the wall to warn M. Teste that she heard all he said. The pistol-shot, too, made General Cubières start as though it had been fired in his own apartment.

The sitting of the 12th had been so decisive that some act of desperation was thought probable. During the very sitting, the Duke Decazes had had iron bars put to the windows of the prisoners. They found these bars in the windows on coming back, but did not feel any surprise on seeing them. They also had their razors taken from them and had to dine without knives.

Policemen were to remain day and night by their side. However, it was thought that M. Teste might be left alone with his son and the counsel who were defending him. He dined with them, almost in silence: a remarkable fact, for he was a great talker. The little he did say was concerning matters foreign to the trial. At nine o'clock, the son and the barristers retired. The policeman who was to watch M. Teste received orders to go up directly; it was during the few minutes which elapsed between the

departure of his son and the entrance of the policeman that M. Teste made his attempt to commit suicide. .

Many persons doubted whether this attempt was seriously intended. This was the tone of the comments in the Chamber. M. Delessert, the Prefect of Police, whom I questioned on this subject, told me there could be no doubt about it that M. Teste had tried to kill himself in downright good earnest. But he believes that only one pistol-shot was fired.

After his condemnation, General Cubières received many visits; the sentence of the Court missed its mark by reason of its excessive severity. The General's visitors, in going to his cell, passed before that of Parmentier, which was only closed with a door having instead of a glass pane a white curtain, through which he could be seen. All of them in passing by loaded Parmentier with terms of contempt, which obliged the fellow to hide in a corner where he was no longer visible.

During the trial the heat was intense. At every moment the Chancellor had to summon back the Peers, who went off to the refreshment bars or the lobbies.

Lord Normanby did not miss a single sitting.

July 22nd.

The name of Teste has already been removed from his seat in the House of Peers. It is General Achard now who occupies his chair.

Yesterday, Tuesday, the 21st of July, as I was proceeding from the Académie to the House of Peers, towards four o'clock, I met, near the exit of the Institut, in the most deserted part of the Rue Mazarine, Parmentier coming out of prison. He was going in the direction of the Quay. His son accompanied him. Parmentier, dressed in black, carried his hat in his hand behind his back; with his other arm he leant upon his son. The son had a downcast look. Parmentier appeared completely overwhelmed. He had the appearance of exhaustion of a man who has just come from a long walk. His bald head seemed to bend beneath his shame. They were walking slowly.

It was stated to-day at the Chamber that Madame Cubières gave a soirée two days after the condemnation. It appears that in reality she simply contented herself with not shutting her door. She has just written to the newspapers a letter, which will not do her husband much good, but in which there is nevertheless one fine passage as follows: "He has had his peerage, his rank, everything taken from him, even to his dignity as a citizen. He retains his wounds."

The Chancellor offered to let M. de Cubières leave the prison by one of the private gates of the Chancellor's official residence in the Luxembourg. A hired conveyance would have awaited M. de Cubières, and he would have got in without being seen by anyone in the street. M. de Cubières refused. An open carriage, drawn by two horses, came and took up its position at the gateway of the Rue de Vaugirard, in the midst of the crowd. M. de Cubières

got into it, accompanied by his wife and Madame de Sampays, and this is how he came out of prison. Since then he has had every evening more than a hundred visitors. There are constantly some forty carriages at his door.

1847.

THE PRISON OF THE CONDEMNED.

THE prison of the condemned, built by the side of, and as a counterpart to, the prison for juvenile offenders, is a living and striking antithesis. It is not only that the beginning and the ending of the evil-doer face each other; there is also the perpetual confronting of the two penal systems—solitary confinement and imprisonment in common. This *vis-à-vis* is almost enough to decide the question. It is a dark and silent duel between the dungeon and the cell, between the old prison and the new!

On one side are all the condemned, pell-mell: the child of seventeen with the old man of seventy; the prisoner of thirteen months with the convict for life; the beardless lad who had filched apples, and the assassin of the highway, snatched from the Place Saint-Jacques, and sent to Toulon in consequence of "extenuating circumstances;" the almost innocent, and the quasi-condemned; the blue-eyed; and the grey-beard; hideous, pestilential workshops, where they sewed and worked in semi-darkness, amid things dirty and foetid, without air, daylight, speech; without looking at each other; without interest; horrible, mournful spectres; of whom some inspired terror by reason of their age, others by reason of their youth.

On the other side, a cloister, a hive ; each worker in his cell, each soul in its alveole : an immense edifice of three storeys, inhabited by neighbours who never see each other : a town composed of small hermitages ; nothing but children, and children who do not know each other ; who live years close to each other without ever hearing the echo of each other's footfalls, or the sound of their voices—separated by a wall, by an abyss : work, study, tools, books ; eight hours' sleep, one hour's repose, one hour's play in a small walled court ; prayers morning and evening ; thought ever !

On one side a sink ; on the other cultivation !

You enter a cell ; you find a child standing up before a bench lighted by a dirty window, of which one square pane at the top can be opened. The child is clad in coarse serge ; clean, grave, quiet. He ceases working and salutes. You question him ; he replies with a serious gaze, and in subdued tones. Some of them make locks, a dozen a day ; others carve furniture, &c., &c. There are as many conditions as storeys ; as many workshops as corridors. The child can read and write besides. He has in prison a master for his brain as well as for his body.

You must not think nevertheless that, because of its mildness, the prison is insufficient chastisement. No ; it is profoundly sad. All the prisoners have an appearance of punishment which is peculiar.

There are still many more criticisms to be passed ; the solitary system begins. It has almost all its improvements to come ; but, incomplete and imperfect as it is at present, it is admirable when compared with the system of imprisonment in common.

The prisoner—a captive on all sides, and free only on the working side—interests himself in what he makes, whatever it may be. The idle lad who hated all occupations, becomes a most furiously industrious mechanic. When one is in solitary confinement one manages to find light in the darkest dungeon.

5th August.

The other day, I was visiting the prison of the condemned, and I said to the Governor, who accompanied me :

“ You have a man condemned to death here now ? ”

“ Yes, sir, a man named Marquis, who murdered a woman of the town, Térisset, with intent to rob her.”

“ I should like to speak to that man,” I said.

“ Sir,” replied the Governor, “ I am here to take your orders, but I cannot admit you into the condemned cell.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ The police regulations do not permit us to introduce everybody into the cells of the condemned.”

I replied :

“ I am not acquainted with the conditions of the police regulations, M. le Directeur de la Prison, but I know what the law permits. The law places the prisons under the authority of the Chambers, and the officials under the *surveillance* of the Peers of France, who can be called upon to judge them. Wherever it is possible that an abuse may exist, the legislature may come in and search

for it. Evil may exist in the cell of a man condemned to death. It is, therefore, my duty to enter, and yours to admit me."

The Governor made no reply, and showed me in.

We skirted a small courtyard, in which were some flowers, and which was surrounded by a gallery. This is the exercise-ground of the condemned prisoners. It is surrounded by four lofty buildings. In the centre of one of the sides of the gallery there is a heavy door bound with iron. A wicket opened, and I found myself in a kind of ante-chamber, gloomy, and paved with stone. Before me were three doors, one directly opposite me, the others on either hand: three heavy doors, each pierced with a grating, and cased with iron. These three doors open into three cells, appropriated to the use of the condemned criminals who await their fate after the double appeal to the judge and to the Supreme Courts. This generally means a respite of two months.

"We have never had more than two of these cells occupied at the same time," said the Governor.

The door of the centre one was opened. It was that of the condemned cell then occupied.

I entered.

As I crossed the threshold a man rose quickly and stood up.

This man was at the other end of the cell. I saw him at once. A pale gleam of daylight which descended from a wide deeply-set window above his head lighted it up from the back. His head was bare, his neck was bare; he had on shoes and a strait-waistcoat, and pantaloons of brown woollen stuff. The sleeves of this waistcoat of

coarse grey linen were tied together in front. His hand could be distinguished holding a pipe ready filled. He was about to light this pipe at the moment when the door was opened. This was the condemned man.

Nothing could be seen through the window but a glimpse of the rainy sky.

There was a moment's silence. I was too much affected to be able to speak.

He was a young man, evidently not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old. His chestnut hair, which curled naturally, was cut short; his beard had not been trimmed. He had beautiful large eyes, but his expression was mean and ugly, his nose broken, his temples prominent, the bones behind the ears large, which is a bad sign, the forehead low, the mouth coarse, and to the left of the cheek was that peculiar puffing produced by anguish. He was pale. His whole face was contracted; nevertheless at our entry he forced a smile.

He stood upright. His bed was on his left hand, a kind of truckle-bed, in disorder, on which he had in all probability been lying just before; and to his right a small wooden table, coarsely painted a yellow colour, and having for a top a plank painted to imitate St. Anne marble. On this table were glazed earthenware dishes containing cooked vegetables and a little meat, a piece of bread, and a leathern pouch full of tobacco. A straw-bottomed chair stood beside the table.

This was not like the horrible cell of the Conciergerie. It was a good-sized room, fairly light, painted yellow, furnished with the bed, table, and chair aforesaid, a china

stove, and a shelf fitted in the angle of the wall opposite the window, laden with old clothes and old crockery. In another corner was a square chair, which replaced the ignoble tub of the old prisons. Everything was clean, or nearly so, and in good order, being swept and garnished, and had that indescribable homeliness about it which deprives things of their unpleasantness as well as of their attractiveness. The barred window was open. Two small chains for supporting the sashes hung to two nails above the head of the condemned man. Near the stove stood two men, a soldier, armed only with his sword, and a warder. Condemned criminals always have this escort of two men, who do not leave them night or day. The attendants are relieved every three hours.

I did not take in all these details at once. The condemned man absorbed all my attention.

M. Paillard de Villeneuve was with me. The Governor was the first to break the silence.

"Marquis," he said, pointing to me, "this gentleman is here in your interest."

"If you have any complaint to make," I said, "I am here to entertain it."

The condemned bowed and replied with a smile which sat ill upon him :

"I have no complaints, sir; I am quite comfortable here. These gentlemen (indicating the two warders) are very kind and are good enough to talk to me. The Governor comes to see me from time to time."

"How are you fed?" I asked.

"Very well, sir; I have double rations." Then he added after a pause :

"We have a right to double rations; and then I have white bread too."

I glanced at the piece of bread, which was in fact very white.

He added :

"The prison bread is the only thing to which I have not been able to accustom myself. At Sainte-Pélagie, where I was detained, we formed amongst ourselves, a society of young men not to mix with the others, and to have white bread."

I replied :

"Were you better off in Sainte-Pélagie than here?"

"I was very comfortable at Sainte-Pélagie, and I am very comfortable here."

I continued :

"You said that you did not wish to mix with the others. What do you mean by 'the others?'"

"There were a great many common men there," he replied.

The condemned was the son of a porter in the Rue Chabanaise.

"Is your bed comfortable?" I asked.

The Governor lifted the coverings, and said :

"Yes, sir; a hair mattress, two mattresses, and two blankets."

"And two bolsters," added Marquis.

"Do you sleep well?" I asked.

He replied without hesitation :

"Very well."

There was on the bed an odd volume, open.

"You read?"

"Yes, sir."

I took up the book. It was an "Abridgment of Geography and History," printed in the last century. The first pages and half the binding were wanting. The book was open at a description of the Lake of Constance.

"I lent him that book," said the Governor.

I turned to Marquis.

"Does this book interest you?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "The Governor has also lent me the 'Voyages of La Pérouse' and Captain Cook. I am very fond of the adventures of our great navigators. I have read them already, but I re-read them with pleasure, and I shall read them again with pleasure—one year or ten years hence."

He did not say I could read them, but I *will* read them. The poor young man was a good talker, and was fond of hearing himself speak. "Our great navigators" is literally his own expression. He talked like a newspaper. In all the rest of his remarks I remarked this absence of naturalness. Everything disappears in the face of death except affectation. Goodness vanishes, wickedness disappears, the benevolent man becomes bitter, the rude man polite, the affected man remains affected. A strange thing it is that death touches you, but does not give you simplicity.

He was a poor conceited workman; a bit of an artist, too much and too little, who had been destroyed by vanity. He liked to make a figure and to enjoy himself. He had stolen a hundred francs from his father's desk, and next day, after a course of pleasure and dissipation, had killed a woman in order to rob her. This terrible

ladder, which has so many steps leading from domestic robbery to murder, from the paternal reprimand to the scaffold, criminals like Lacenaire and Poulmann take twenty years to descend; he, this young man, who was a lad but yesterday, had cleared them all in twenty-four hours! He had, as an old convict, a former school-master, said in the courtyard, taken all his degrees.

What an abyss is such a destiny!

He turned over the leaves for a few minutes, and I continued:

"Have you never had any means of existence?"

He raised his head, and replied with some pride:

"Yes, indeed, sir."

Then he proceeded. I did not interrupt him.

"I was a furniture designer. I have even studied to be an architect. My name is Marquis. I was a pupil of M. Le Duc."

He referred to M. Viollet Le Duc, the architect of the Louvre. As he spoke I noticed that he said with some amount of satisfaction the words Marquis, Le Duc! However, he had not yet ended.

"I started a Journal of Design for cabinet-makers. I had already made some progress. I wanted to give carpet-manufacturers designs in the Renaissance style made according to the rules of the trade, which they never had. They are forced to content themselves with engravings of very incorrect styles."

"You had a good idea. Why did you not carry it out?"

"It failed, sir."

He spoke the words quickly, and added:

"However, I do not mean to say that I wanted money. I had talent, I sold my designs, I should certainly have finished by selling them at my own price."

I could not help saying:

"Then, why ——?"

He understood, and answered:

"I really cannot say. The idea crossed my mind. I should not be thought capable of it until that fatal day."

At the words "fatal day" he stopped, then continued, with a sort of carelessness:

"I am sorry I have not some designs here; I would show them to you. I also painted landscapes. M. Le Duc taught me water-colour painting. I succeeded in the Cicéri style. I did things which one would have sworn were Cicéri's. I am very fond of drawing. At Sainte-Pélagie I drew the portraits of many of my companions, but only in crayons. They would not let me have my box of water-colours."

"Why?" I asked, without thinking.

He hesitated. I was sorry I had put the question, for I guessed the reason.

"Sir," he said, "it was because they fancied there was poison in the colours. They were wrong. They are water-colours."

"But," remarked the Governor, "there is red lead in the vermillion?"

"Possibly," he replied. "The fact is, they did not permit it, and I had to content myself with the crayons. The portraits were all good likenesses, though."

"And what do you do here?"

"I do some work."

He remained deep in thought after this reply, then he added :

"I can draw well. This," indicating the strait-waistcoat, "does not interfere with me. At a pinch one could draw." He moved his hand beneath his bonds as he spoke. "And then these gentlemen are very kind (indicating the warders). "They have already offered to let me raise the sleeves. But I do something else. I read."

"You see the chaplain, of course?"

"Yes, sir; he comes to see me."

Here he turned to the Governor, and said :

"But I have not yet seen the abbé Montès."

That name in his mouth had a sinister effect on me. I had seen the abbé Montès once in my life, one summer day on the Pont-au-Change, in the cart which was carrying Louvel to the scaffold.

Nevertheless the Governor replied :

"Ah, dame! He is old; he is nearly eighty-six. The poor old man attends when he can."

"Eighty-six!" I exclaimed. "That is just what we want, provided he only has a little strength." At his age one is so near to God that one ought to say very beautiful things."

"I will see him with pleasure," said Marquis quickly.

"You must live in hope," I said.

"Oh!" said he, "I am not discouraged. First, I have my appeal to the Court of Cassation, and then I have my petition for a pardon. The sentence which has been pronounced may be quashed. I do not say that it is not just, but it is a little severe. They ought to

have taken my age into account, and given me the benefit of extenuating circumstances. And then, I have signed my petition to the King. My father, who comes to see me, has told me not to alarm myself. M. Le Duc himself sent the petition to His Majesty. M. Le Duc knows me well; he knows his pupil Marquis. The King is not in the habit of refusing him anything. It is impossible that they will refuse me a pardon—I do not say a free pardon—but——”

He was silent.

“Yes,” I said, “be of good cheer; you have here below your judges on one side, and your father on the other. But above, you have also your Father and your Judge who is God, who cannot feel the necessity to condemn you without, at the same time, experiencing the desire to pardon you. You must thus remain in hope.”

“Thank you, sir,” replied Marquis.

Again silence ensued.

Then I asked: “Do you require anything?”

“I should like to go out and walk in the yard a little oftener. That is all, sir. I only am allowed out for a quarter of an hour a day.”

“That is not sufficient.” I said to the Governor: “Why is this?”

“Because of our great responsibility,” he replied.

“Well!” I exclaimed, “put four guards on duty if two do not suffice; but do not refuse this young man a little air and sunlight. A court in the centre of a prison, locks and bars everywhere, four lofty walls surrounding it, four guards always there, the strait-waistcoat, sentinels

at every wicket, two sentry rounds, and two enceintes sixty feet high, what have you to fear? The prisoner ought to be allowed to walk in the courtyard when he asks permission."

The Governor bowed, and said :

"You are right, sir. I will carry out your suggestions."

The condemned man thanked me effusively.

"It is time for me to leave you," I said. "Turn to God, and keep up your courage."

"I shall have courage, sir."

He accompanied me to the door, which was then shut upon him.

The Governor conducted me into the next cell on the right.

It was longer than the other. It contained only a bed and a coarse earthenware vessel.

It was in here that Poulmann was confined. In the six weeks which he spent here he wore out three pairs of shoes walking up and down these boards. He never ceased walking, and covered fifteen leagues a day in his cell. He was a terrible man.

"You have had Joseph Henri?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; but in the infirmary only. He was ill. He was always writing to the Keeper of the Seals, to the Procurator-Général, to the Chancellor, to the Great Referendary, letters—letters of four pages, and in small, close writing, too. One day, I said to him, jocularly: 'It is fortunate that you are not compelled to read what you have written.' No one ever read them evidently. He was a fool."

As I was leaving the prison, the Governor indicated to me the two "rounds" or encircling paths; high walls, a scanty patch of grass, a sentry-box every thirty paces. All this has a freezing effect. . . He pointed out to me, under the very windows of the condemned cells, a place where two soldiers on duty had shot themselves the year before. They had blown their brains out with their rifles, and we could see the bullet-holes in the sentry-box. The rain had washed away the blood-stains from the wall. One man had killed himself because his officer, seeing him without his rifle which he had left in the sentry-box, said to him in passing, "Fifteen days in the cells." The motive in the case of the other man was never ascertained. °

THE DUKE DE PRASLIN.

18th August, 4 p.m.

I HAVE this instant learnt that the Duchess of Praslin was assassinated last night in her own mansion, No. 55, Rue St. Honoré.

20th August.

The Court of Peers is convened for to-morrow, to arraign M. de Praslin.

Saturday, 21st August. Written at the sitting.

At seven minutes past two the public sitting opens. The Keeper of the Seals, Hébert, mounts the tribune, and reads the ordinance which constitutes the Court of Peers.

There are women on the benches; a man, stout, bald, and white haired, of ruddy countenance, closely resembling Parmentier, is in the west tribune, and for a moment attracts the attention of the Peers.

The Chancellor causes the tribunes to be evacuated: the Procurator-General Delangle is introduced, and the Advocate-General, Bresson, in red robes. The Chancellor notices that the tribunes are not all empty, those of the reporters amongst others; he becomes angry, and gives orders to the ushers. The tribunes are cleared with some difficulty.

M. de Praslin was arrested yesterday, and transferred to the prison of the Chamber on the Chancellor's warrant. He was committed this morning at daybreak. He is in the cell where M. Teste was.

It was M. de Praslin who, on the 17th of July, handed over the pen to sign the warrant for the arrest of MM. Teste and Cubières. Exactly a month after, on the 17th August, he signed his own warrant with his dagger.

The Duke of Praslin is a man of middle height, and of rather commonplace appearance. He has a very gentle, but a very false, manner. He has a villainous mouth, and a horribly constrained smile. He is a fair, pallid man; pale, washed out, like an Englishman. He is neither fat nor thin, nor good-looking nor ugly. He has no signs of breeding in his hands, which are fat and thick. He has always the air of being about to say something which he never does say.

I have only spoken to him three or four times in my life. The last time we were ascending the great staircase together. I informed him that I would interrogate the Minister of War if they did not pardon Dubois de Gennevilliers, whose brother had been the Duke's secretary; he said that he would support me.

He did not behave well towards this Dubois de

Gennes. He dismissed him for no very substantial reason. The Duke undertook to present his petitions to the King with his own hands, and he put them in the post!

M. de Praslin did not speak in the Chamber. He voted sternly in the trial. He decided very harshly in the Teste affair.

In 1830, I occasionally met him at the house of the Marquis de Marmier, since the Duke. He was then only Marquis de Praslin, as his brother was alive. I had noticed the Marchioness, a good-looking, stout woman,—a contrast to the Marquis, who was then very thin.

The poor Duchess was literally hacked to pieces with the knife, and brained by the butt of the pistol. Allard, the successor to Vidocq, of the Secret Police, said: "It was clumsily done; trained assassins would have worked better; a man of fashion did that!"

The Comte de Nocé came up to me in the robing-room, and said: "Do you understand? He has made a fire to burn his dressing-gown."

I replied: "There was something he should have burnt. It was not his dressing-gown, it was gunpowder."*

A month ago the army received a blow in the case of General Cubièrès; the magistrature, in President Teste; now the old nobility has had its turn in the Duc de Praslin.

This must, however, come to an end.

* An untranslatable pun upon the phrases *brûler sa robe de chambre*, to burn one's dressing-gown, and *se brûler la cervelle*, to blow out one's brains.—*Translator's note.*

Sunday, 22nd.

"At the present moment one can perceive, in the window of Mdlle. de Luzzy, in Madame Lemaire's house, Rue du Harlay, in the court, the melon, the bouquet, and the basket of fruit which the duke brought from the country the very evening before the murder.

The duke is seriously ill. People say he is poisoned. Just now I heard a flower-girl say: "*Mon Dieu*, if only they do not kill him, it will amuse me very much to read the details in the paper every morning."

In his address to the Court, in secret sitting, the Chancellor said the duty which devolved upon the Court, and upon him, was the most painful they had ever been called upon to perform. His voice literally changed while he spoke these words. Before the sitting commenced, he came into the reading-room; I bade him good morning, and we shook hands. The old Chancellor was overcome.

The Chancellor also said: "Rumours of suicide and of escape are in circulation. *Messieurs les Pairs* may rest assured. No precaution will be spared to ensure for the culprit, if he be found guilty, the public and legal punishment which he has incurred and deserves, and which he, in that case, cannot, by any means escape."

They say that the Procurator-General Delangle already repeats to his intimates his little "effective bit"—the description of the room after the crime had been committed; here the sumptuous furniture, the golden fringe, the silken hangings, &c.; there, a pool of blood; here,

the open window, the rising sun, the trees, the garden as far as the eye could reach, the songs of the birds, the sunlight, &c. ; there the corpse of the deceased duchess. Contrast ! Delangle is astonished at the effect beforehand, and is dazzled by himself !

On the 17th, Mdle. de Luzzy had dined at Madame Lemaire's, at the under-teachers' table. She was pale, and appeared to be suffering. "What is the matter with you ?" asked Mdle. Julie Rivière, one of her companions. Mdle. de Luzzy replied that she did not feel very well ; that she had fainted that day in the Rue St. Jacques, but the doctor had not thought it necessary to bleed her.

Doctor Louis is the Praslin family practitioner. They sent for him to see the duke. The prefect of police made the doctor promise that he would only speak to the duke concerning his health. The precaution turned out to be quite needless. The duke would scarcely respond, even by signs, to the doctor's questions. He was in a strange torpor. M. Louis perceived that he had tried to poison himself by swallowing a narcotic.

M. Louis did not think he ought to be moved on the 20th. He thought that if the Chancellor had him dragged to the Luxembourg, notwithstanding his advice, it was in the hope that the duke would die on the way. I do not think so.

The people are exasperated against the duke ; the family is still more indignant than the people. If he were to be judged by his family he would be more severely condemned than by the Court of Peers, and more cruelly tortured than by the people.

" 21st August.

' On Wednesday, when coming from the Academy with Cousin and the Count of Saint-Aulaire, Cousin said :

" You will see this Mdle. de Luzzy ; she is a rare woman. Her letters are masterpieces of wit and style. Her interrogatory is admirable ; still, you will not read it except when translated by Cauchy. If you had heard her you would have been astonished. No one has more grace, more tact or intelligence. If she is good enough to write some day for us, we will give her, *pardieu*, the Montyon Prize. However, she is headstrong and imperibus ; she is a woman at once wicked and charming.

I said to Cousin : " Ah, so you are in love with her ? "

To which he replied : " Héé ! "

" What do you think of the affair ? " said M. de Saint-Aulaire, addressing me.

" There must have been some motive. If not, the duke is a madman. The cause is in the duchess or in the mistress ; but she is in the affair, otherwise the fact is impossible. There is at the bottom of such a crime as this either a very powerful reason or a great folly."

That was, in fact, my opinion. As for the ferocity of the duke, it is explained by his stupidity : he was a beast—and ferocious.

The populace have already coined the verb *Prasliner*—to *Prasliner* your wife.

The examining peers visited the Praslin mansion the day before yesterday. The bedroom is still in the state

in which it was left on the morning of the murder. The blood from red has turned to black. That is the only difference. This room gives one the horrors. One can see the terrible struggle and resistance of the duchess as they actually occurred. Everywhere are the prints of bloody hands passing from wall to wall, from one door to another, from one bell-pull to another. The unhappy woman, like a wild animal caught in a snare, must have rushed round and round the room, screaming and seeking an escape from the dagger-blows of the assassin.

From the gate in the Rue de Vaugirard one can see in the prison three windows which have projecting shafts. These are the only ones. Three months ago they had neither bars nor shafts. The bars were placed for President Teste, and the shafts for the Duke de Praslin.

Doctor Louis told me :

"The day after the murder, at half-past two A.M., I was called, and went to M. de Praslin's house. I knew nothing; judge of my utter stupefaction. I found the duke in bed; he was already in custody. Eight women, who relieved each other every hour, never took their eyes from him. Four police-agents were seated on chairs in a corner." I had noticed his condition, which was terrible. The symptoms gave evidence of cholera or poison. People accuse me of not having said at once 'He is poisoned.' That would have betrayed him and ruined him. Poisoning is a tacit confession of guilt. 'You should have said so,' the Chancellor remarked to me. I replied: 'Monsieur le Chancelier, where an opinion implies the condemnation of a person, a doctor will not give it.'"

"However," continued M. Louis, "the duke was

very gentle: he was passionately fond of his children, and passed his life with one of them on his knee, and sometimes one on his back too. The Duchess was beautiful and intelligent, she had become an enormous size. The duke suffered terribly, but exhibited the greatest fortitude. Not a word, not a complaint in the midst of the tortures of the arsenic.

It would appear that M. de Praslin was a very well-made man. At the *post-mortem*, the doctors were much struck. One of them exclaimed: "What a beautiful corpse!" He was a fine athlete, Doctor Louis told me.

The tomb in which they laid him bears a leaden plate, on which is the number 1054. A number after his death, such as convicts have in life, is the only epitaph of the Duke de Choiseul-Praslin!

Mlle. Deluzy—not de Luzzy—is still in the Conciergerie. She walks about every day for two hours in the court-yard. Sometimes she wears a nankeen dress, sometimes a striped silk gown. She knows that many eyes are fixed on her at the windows. People who watch her say she strikes attitudes. She is a source of entertainment to M. Teste, whose window looks into the court. She was still in confinement on the 31st.

Granier de Cassagnac, who has seen her, has given me a description of her. She has a very low forehead, her nose turns up a great deal, her hair is very light-coloured. Nevertheless, she is pretty. She looks straight at all who pass, seeking to be noticed, and perhaps to fascinate them.

She is one of those women who have more intelligence than feeling. She is capable of follies, not from passion but from egotism.

August 30th.

A sitting in which the Court is dissolved. At a quarter past one I enter the Chamber; there are but few Peers present. M. Villenain, M. Cousin, M. Thénard; some generals, General Fabvier amongst them; some former presidents, amongst them M. Barthe; there is also M. le Comte de Bondy, who bears a singular resemblance to, with better characteristics than, the Duke of Praslin.

I chat with General Fabvier, then for a long time with M. Barthe, of everything, and of the House of Peers in particular. It is necessary to take up the subject to make the people sympathetic with it, and to make it sympathetic with the people. We spoke of the suicide of Alfred de Montesquiou. In the cloak-room it was the general topic, as well as another sad incident: the Prince of Eckmühl has been arrested during the night for having stabbed his mistress.

At two o'clock the Chancellor rose: he had on his right the Duke Decazes, and on his left the Viscount Pontécoulant. He spoke for twenty minutes. The Attorney-General was introduced.

There are about sixty Peers. The Duke of Brancas and the Marquis de Fontis are beside me.

M. Delangle laid down his brief for the prosecution, holding that the Court was dissolved by the death of the duke.

The Procurator-General went out. The Chancellor said:

"Does any one wish to address the Court?"

M. de Boissy rose. He partly approved of what the Chancellor had said. The poison had been taken before the Court of Peers had assembled; consequently no responsibility rested on the Court. Public opinion accused the Peers charged with the investigation of having winked at the poisoning.

COUNT LANJUNAIS: "An opinion without any foundation."

BOISSY: "But universal. (No, no.) I insist that it may be proved that no responsibility for the poisoning rests upon the Chancellor, the investigating Peers, nor on the Court."

THE CHANCELLOR: "No one entertains such an opinion: the report of the *post-mortem* quite disposes of the question."

M. Cousin agreed with the Chancellor, and, while sharing the anxiety of M. de Boissy, believed that there was no foundation for the rumour.

M. de Boissy persisted. He believed there had been complicity. But he did not accuse any of the officers of the Court.

M. Barthe rose, and gave way to the Duke Decazes, who related the circumstances of his interview with M. de Praslin the Tuesday he died, at ten o'clock A.M.

This is the interview:

"You are in great pain, my dear friend?" said M. Decazes.

"Yes."

"It is your own fault. Why did you poison yourself?"

Silence.

"You have taken laudanum?"

"No."

"Then you have taken arsenic?"

The sick man looked up, and said "Yes."

"Who procured the arsenic for you?"

"No one."

"What do you mean? Did you buy it yourself at the chemist's?"

"I brought it from Praslin."

Silence. The Duke Decazes continued:

"This is the time, for the sake of your family, your memory, your children, to speak. You confess to having taken poison. It is not to be supposed that an innocent person would deprive his nine children of their father when they are already motherless. You are guilty, then?"

Silence.

"At least you regret your crime. I beg of you to say if you deplore it."

The accused raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and said, with an agonised expression, "If I deplore it!"

"Then confess. Do not you wish to see the Chancellor?"

The accused made an effort, and said: "I am ready."

"Well, then," said the duke, "I will go and inform him."

"No," replied the sick man, after a pause, "I am too weak to-day. To-morrow. Tell him to come to-morrow."

At half-past four that afternoon he was dead.

This could not be put into the pleadings, as it was a

private conversation which M. Decazes repeated because the Court was, in a sense, informal.

M. Barthe called attention to the fact that the poisoning had taken place on Wednesday the 19th, and had not been renewed.

M. de Boissy wished to punish those who watched the Duke so carelessly. He poisoned himself on Wednesday, at ten in the evening.

The Chancellor said that M. de Boissy was mistaken : it was four in the afternoon. Besides, such things happen frequently in ordinary cases, and in the best-guarded prisons.

The decree dissolving the Court was voted unanimously.

The Duke de Massa, after the vote, asked that the words "his wife" should be inserted in the sentence. There was a Dowager Duchess of Praslin. This was allowed.

The Procurator-General was recalled, and the sentence was read to him. The sitting broke up at five minutes to three.

Many Peers remained to chat in the hall. M. Cousin said to M. de Boissy : "You were right to ask for information. It was excellent."

M. Decazes added to his former statement the following details :—When the Duke was carried to the Luxembourg he was clad in a dressing-gown and trousers. During the journey he did not vomit. He only complained of a consuming thirst. When he arrived, at five in the afternoon, they undressed him, and put him to bed at once. They did not give him back his dress

until the next day, when they moved him into an adjacent room, to be examined by the Chancellor. After the examination they undressed him again, and put him to bed once more. It is therefore impossible that, even if he had some poison in his pockets, he could have taken it. It is true they did not search him, but that would have been futile. They watched his movements closely.

18th September.

Here are, in this year, 1847 the pleasures of the "bathers," the rich, noble, fashionable, intelligent, generous, and distinguished visitors to Spa :

(1) Fill a bucket with water, throw into it a twenty-sous piece, call a poor child, and say to him: "I will give you that piece of money if you can pick it up with your teeth." The child plunges his head into the water, chokes, suffocates, and comes up all dishevelled and shivering with the piece of silver between his teeth, and they laugh! It is delightful!

(2) Take a pig, grease its tail, and bet who will retain his hold of the tail longest; the pig pulls one way, the gentleman another. Ten, twenty, a hundred louis are staked on this!

Whole days are passed in such amusements.

However, old Europe is falling to pieces, *jacqueries* germinate between the chinks and crevices of the old social order; the future is gloomy, and the rich are on their trial in this century as the nobles were in the last.

BÉRANGER.

4th November.

TO-DAY the Normal School, in the Rue d'Ulm, was opened. M. Dubois had requested me to be present. As I was coming out, I saw approaching me in the corridor which leads to the staircase, a man whom I did not at first recognise. His face was round and red, his eye clear and vivacious, long greyish hair; sixty or more years old; a good smiling mouth; and old frock-coat in very bad condition; a great quaker hat, with a broad brim; inclining to stoutness, and having some resemblance to my brother Abel.

It was Béranger.

"Ah! Good-day, Hugo."

"Ah! Good-day, Béranger."

He took my arm. We proceeded together.

"I will go with you to the end of the street. Have you a carriage?"

"My legs!"

"Well, I have the same."

We went by the Estrapade towards the Rue Saint-Jacques. Two men, dressed in black, approached us.

"Diable," cried Béranger, "here are two vulgar pedants—the one a head-master of a school, the other a

member of the Academy of Sciences. Do you know them?"

"No."

"Happy man. Hugo, you have always been in luck."

The two pedants merely bade us good-day. We proceeded by the Rue Saint-Hyacinthe.

Béranger continued :

"So you have been compelled during the last month to eulogize a great man of an hour, killed between his confessor, his mistress, and his cuckold."

"Ah!" I said, "you do not deserve to be a Puritan. Do not speak thus of Frederic Soulié, who had real talent, and a heart without bitterness!"

"The fact is," replied Béranger, "I said a foolish thing for the sake of being clever. I am not a Puritan, I hate the breed. Whoever says Puritan, says sinner."

And above all "Fool." True virtue, true morality, and true greatness, are intelligent and indulgent.

We now passed the Place Saint-Michel, and entered, still arm in arm, the Rue M. le Prince.

"You have done well," said Béranger to me, "to be content with the popularity which one can regulate. I have a great deal of trouble to withdraw myself from the popularity which carries you with it. What slave is there like the man who has the misfortune to be popular in this fashion! Look at their Reformist banquets! They kill me! and I have the greatest difficulty in the world to avoid them. I make excuses: I am old; I have a bad digestion; I never dine out; I cannot alter my rule, &c. Bah!"—"You owe it to yourself; a man like you must pay this forfeit: and a hundred others in the same way."

"I am exaggerating, eh? Nevertheless, one must smile and put the best face on it! Ah, yes! but that is merely the part of a Court jester. To amuse the prince, to amuse the people—the same thing. Where is the difference between the poet following the Court and the poet following the crowd? Marot in the sixteenth century, Béranger in the nineteenth; but, *mon cher*, it may be the same man! I do not consent to it. I lend myself to it as little as possible. They make a mistake about me. I am a man of opinion, and not of party. Oh, I hate their popularity. I am very much afraid that our poor Lamartine is going in for this popularity. I pity him. He will see what it is! Hugo, I have some common sense. I tell you, be content with the popularity you have; it is true, it is real. Now, I will give you another experience of mine. In 1829, when I was in la Force on account of my songs, how popular I was! There was not a hosier, a pastry-cook, or a reader of the *Constitutionnel*, who did not think it right to come to console me in my cell. 'Let us go and see Béranger!' They came! And I, who was in the mood to muse upon the silliness of poets, or was seeking for a refrain or a rhyme between the bars of my window, was obliged, instead of finding my verse, to receive my hosier! Poor, devil—popularity! I was not left alone in my prison. Oh! if it were to happen again! How they did bore me!"

Chatting thus, we reached the Rue Mazarine and the door of the Institut, whither I was bound.

It was the Académie day.

"Won't you come in?" I asked my companion.

“ Oh, no, indeed ! That is for you to do ! ”

And he ran away.

30th December.

They wished to make me a director of the Académie. I declined. They named Scribe. I said : “ So long as the Académie chooses to keep one of its members ‘ in the corner,’ I will keep company with that member ” (M. de Vigny).

They would not nominate M. de Vigny either as director or chancellor, because of his dispute with M. Molé.

THE DEATH OF MADAME ADÉLAÏDE.

31st December.

• THIS lugubrious year, which opened on a Friday, finishes on a Friday.

When I awoke, I was informed of the death of Madame Adélaïde.

At three o'clock, the Peers proceeded to the Palace to offer the King their condolence. We were a large assemblage. The Chancellor was there in his robes, with the antique three-cornered hat of the Chancellors embellished with an enormous gold tassel. Lagrenée, Mornay, Villémain, Barante; Generals Sebastiani, Lagrange; the Duke de Broglie and M. de Mackau, just appointed Admiral of France, were all present, with others.

The King received the Peers in the throne-room; he was dressed in black, without any decorations, and was in tears. The Duke of Nemours, M. de Joinville and M. de Montpensier, were in black, without star or ribbon, like the King. The Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, Mesdames de Joinville and Montpensier, were in deep mourning.

• The King came near to me and said: "I thank M. Victor Hugo; he always comes to me on sad occasions." Tears choked his utterance.

What a blow this is for the King! His sister was a

friend to him. She was a woman of intelligence and good counsel, who fell into the King's views without ever upsetting them. Madame Adélaïde had something manly and cordial about her, with considerable tact. She had conversational powers. I remember one evening, she conversed with me for a long while, and intelligently, respecting the *Rancé* of M. de Chateaubriand, which was on the eve of publication. My dear little Didiue went with her mother one day to see her. Madame Adélaïde gave her a doll. My daughter, who was then seven years old, came back delighted. Some days afterwards, she happened to hear a great discussion respecting the Philip-pists and the Carlists. All the while playing with her doll, she said in a low voice :

"I am an Adélaïdist."

So I have been an Adélaïdist, also. "The death of this amiable old princess has caused me real grief.

She died in three days from inflammation of the lungs, which supervened upon an attack of influenza. On Monday she attended the Royal Party. Who could have said that she would never see 1848 ?

Almost every morning the King had a long conversation, principally upon political matters, with Madame Adélaïde. He consulted her upon everything, and never undertook any serious matter contrary to her advice. He regarded the Queen as his guardian angel : one might say that Madame Adélaïde was his guiding spirit. What a loss this is for an old man ! A void in the heart, in the house, in his habits. I was pained to see him shed tears. One felt that the sobs came from the bottom of the man's heart.

Her sister never left her. She had shared her exile, she partook in a measure of her state : she lived, devoted to her brother, wrapped up in him ; for egotism she had the *I* of Louis-Philippe.

She made M. de Joinville her heir ; Odilon Barrot and Dupin her executors.

The Peers quitted the Tuileries in great consternation in consequence of all this sorrow, and uneasy regarding the shock the King had received.

This evening all the theatres are closed.

Thus ends the year 1847.

1848.

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

It was M. Crémieux who said to King Louis-Philippe these sad words : " Sire, you must leave Paris."

The King had already abdicated. The fatal signature had been written. He looked fixedly at M. Crémieux.

The sharp firing in the Palais Royal was audible ; the Municipal Guards of the Château d'Eau were attacking the barricades in the Rue de Valois and the Rue Saint-Honoré.

Every moment wild shouts arose and drowned the reports of the musketry. It was evident that the populace was coming on the scene. From the Palais Royal to the Tuileries it is but a pace for the Giant who is called Revolt.

M. Crémieux extended his hand in the direction of the ominous shouts which came from without, and repeated his warning :

" Sire, you must leave."

The King, without saying a word in reply, and without taking his eyes off M. Crémieux, took off his general's hat, which he handed to someone beside him at random, doffed his uniform bearing the heavy silver epaulettes, and said

without rising from the great arm-chair in which he had reclined, as if exhausted, for several hours :

“ A round hat, a frock-coat.”

They brought them. In an instant he was nothing but an elderly tradesman.

Then he cried in a hasty tone :

“ My keys, my keys ! ”

The keys were not forthcoming.

Meanwhile the noise increased ; the firing seemed to be approaching ; the terrible uproar increased.

The King kept repeating : “ My keys, my keys ! ”

At length the keys were found and brought to him. He locked a portfolio which he carried in his arms, and a still larger portfolio which his valet took charge of. He displayed a kind of feverish agitation. All was hurry-scurry around him. The princes and the valets could be heard calling out : “ Quick, quick ! ” The Queen alone was cool and proud.

They started. They traversed the Tuileries. The King gave his arm to the Queen, or, to speak more correctly, the Queen gave her arm to the King. The Duchess de Montpensier was supported by M. Jules de Lasteyrie, the Duke de Montpensier by M. Crémieux.

The Duke de Montpensier said to M. Crémieux :

“ Remain with us, M. Crémieux ; do not leave us. Your name may be useful to us.”

In this manner they reached the Place de la Révolution. There the King turned pale.

He looked out for the four carriages which he had commanded from his stables. They were not there.

At the entrance to the stables the driver of the first

carriage had been shot, and at the time the King was seeking them in the Place Louis XV., the people were burning them in the Place du Palais Royal.

At the foot of the obelisk a small hackney carriage with one horse was stopped.

The King walked rapidly on, followed by the Queen.

In the carriage were four women holding four children on their knees.

The four ladies were Mesdames de Nemours and de Joinville, and two ladies of the Court. The four children were the King's grandsons.

The King quickly opened the door, and said to the four ladies: "Get out, all of you, all of you."

He only spoke these words.

The firing became more and more alarming. They could hear the surging of the mob entering the Tuileries.

In the twinkling of an eye the four ladies were standing on the pavement; the same pavement whereon the scaffold of Louis the Sixteenth had been erected.

The King mounted or rather plunged into the empty carriage, the Queen followed him; Madame de Nemours mounted in front. The King still retained his portfolio under his arm. He caused the larger, a green one, to be placed within the cab. This was with some difficulty accomplished. M. Crémieux pushed it in with his fist.

"Go on," said the King.

The cab started. They took the Neuilly road.

Thuret, the King's valet, mounted behind. But he could not hold to the bar which occupied the place of a bracket-seat, and he attempted to bestride the horse, but ended by running on foot. The carriage passed him.

Thuret ran as far as Saint-Cloud, thinking to find the King there. But he found that he had proceeded to Trianon.

At that moment the Princess Clementine and her husband, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, arrived by railway.

"Quick, madame," said Thuret; "let us take the train and go to Trianon. The King is there."

It was in this manner that Thuret proceeded to rejoin the King.

Meanwhile, at Versailles, the King had succeeded in procuring a "berline" and a kind of omnibus. He occupied the carriage with the queen; his *suite* the omnibus. They hired post-horses and set out for Dreux.

As he continued his journey, the King took off his false hair and put on a cap of black silk, which he pulled down to his eyes. His beard had not been trimmed since the previous day. He had had no sleep. He was unrecognisable. He turned to the Queen, who said: "You look a hundred years old!"

There are two roads to Dreux; that to the right is the better, well paved, and is the road generally taken; the other is full of ruts and is the longer.

The King said: "Postillion, take the left road."

He did well; he was hated at Dreux. Some people were waiting on the high road with hostile intentions. In this manner he escaped the danger.

The sous-prefet of Dreux, who had been notified of his approach, joined him and handed him twelve thousand francs—half in notes, and half in silver in bags.

The "berline" left the omnibus behind to do the best it could, and proceeded towards Evreux. The King

knew that about a league from the town there lived a faithful adherent, M. de —.

It was dark night when the carriage reached the mansion.

Thuret descended, rang for a long time; at last some one appeared.

Thuret asked for M. de

He was away. It was winter. M. de — was in town.

His farmer, who had opened the door, explained this to Thuret.

“It does not matter,” replied Thuret. “I have here an old lady and gentleman, friends of his, who are very tired. Just open the doors for us.”

“I have not got the keys,” said Renard.

The King was worn out by fatigue, suffering and hunger. Renard saw the old man, and had compassion on him.

“Monsieur et madame,” he repeated, “Pray come in. I cannot open the château for you; but I can open the farm-house. Come in. Meanwhile I will go in search of my master at Evreux.”

The King and Queen alighted. Renard conducted them to the lower room in the farm. There was a fine fire in it. The King was chilled to the bones.

“I am very cold,” he said. Then he continued: “I am very hungry.”

Renard said:

“Monsieur, would you like some onion-soup?”

“Very much,” said the King.

They made some onion-soup, and produced the remains

of the farm breakfast, some cold stew or other, and an omelette.

The King and Queen seated themselves at table and everyone with them—Renard, the farmer, his sons from the plough, and Thuret the valet.

The King ate greedily what they gave him. The Queen did not eat anything.

In the midst of the repast the door opened. The new-comer was M. de —, who had hurried out from Evreux.

He perceived Louis-Philippe, and exclaimed: "The King!"

"Silence!" cried the King.

But it was too late.

M. de — reassured him. Renard was a worthy fellow. They might trust him. They were all people to be depended upon at the farm.

"Well," said the King, "I must proceed at once. How shall I proceed?"

"Where do you wish to go to?" asked Renard.

"Which is the nearest seaport?"

"Honfleur."

"Well, then, I will make for Honfleur."

"All right," said Renard.

"How far is it from here?"

"Twenty-two leagues."

The King was alarmed, and exclaimed:

"Twenty-two leagues!"

"You will reach Honfleur to-morrow morning," said Renard.

Renard had a trap in which he was accustomed to

go to market. He was a breeder and seller of horses. He harnessed a pair of strong animals to this vehicle.

The King ensconced himself, on one side, Thuret on the other. Renard, as coachman, seated himself in the centre, a bag of corn was placed across the apron, and they started.

It was seven o'clock at night.

The Queen did not leave until two hours later in the carriage with the post-horses.

The King had put the bank-notes in his pocket. The money-bags worried him.

"More than once the King was on the point of telling me to throw them away," said Thuret to me later, when narrating these details.

They passed through Evreux not without some trouble. At the end of the town, near Saint-Taurin's Church, there were some people collected who stopped the carriage.

A man seized the bridle, and said :

"They say the King is escaping this way."

Another man held a lantern to the King's face.

At length a sort of officer of the National Guard, who for some moments had been handling the harness in a suspicious way, cried out :

"Hold there ; it is père Renard ; I know him, citizens."

He added, in a low voice, turning to Thuret :

"I recognize your companion in the corner. Get away quickly."

Thuret has told me since :

"He spoke just in time, for, as I fancied he was going

to cut the traces, I was about to stab him. I had my knife open in my hand."

Renard whipped his horses, and they left Evreux behind them.

They kept on all night. From time to time they halted at the inns upon the road, and Renard baited his horses.

He said to Thuret: "Get down. Be as much at your ease as you can. Talk familiarly to me." He also "tutoyed" the King.

The King pressed his black cap almost down upon his nose, and maintained a profound silence.

At seven a.m. they reached Honfleur. The horses had come twenty-two leagues, without rest, in twelve hours. They were exhausted.

"It is time," said the King.

From Honfleur the King reached Trouville. He hoped to conceal himself in a house formerly occupied by M. Duchâtel when he came to bathe in the vacation. But the house was shut up. He was obliged to take shelter with a fisherman.

General Rumigny came in in the morning, and all was nearly lost—an officer had recognized him on the quay.

At length the King was ready to embark. The Provisional Government greatly assisted him.

Nevertheless, at the last moment, a commissary of police wished to display his great zeal. He presented himself on board the vessel in which the King was, in sight of Honfleur and the bridge.

Between decks he watched the old gentleman and lady

who were seated in a corner, looking as if they were intent upon their slender baggage.

However, he did not stir.

Suddenly the captain took out his watch, and said :

“ M. le Commissaire de Police, do you intend to remain on board or go ashore ? ”

“ Why do you ask ? ” said the commissary.

“ Because if you are not in France in fifteen minutes you will be in England in the morning.”

“ You are about to sail, then ? ”

“ Immediately.”

The commissary made up his mind to leave, very discontented, and having vainly attempted to hunt down his prey.

The vessel sailed.

It nearly foundered within sight of Hônffleur. It collided, the weather being bad and the night dark, with a large ship, which carried away a portion of the mast and bulwarks. These injuries were repaired as well as possible, and the next morning the King and Queen were in England.

THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY.

THE invasion of the 15th of May was a curious sight. Let the reader picture the confusion in the Senate. Swarms of ragged individuals descending, or rather streaming, down the pillars of the lower tribunes, and even of the upper ones, into the hall; the thousands of flags waving in all directions; the women frightened, and supplicating; the rioters perched in the reporters' gallery; the crowded corridors; heads, shoulders, howling mouths, extended arms, clenched hands, everywhere; no one speaking, everybody yelling; the representatives motionless;—and this going on for three hours!

The President's desk, the secretary's platform, the tribune, had disappeared, and were nothing but a heap of men. Men were seated on the back of the President's chair astride on the brass griffins, standing on the secretary's table, on the shorthand-writers' desks, on the double staircase, on the velvet of the tribunes, the greater number of them with naked feet; but to make up for this, they kept their heads covered!

One of them seized and pocketed one of the two small clocks which were on either side of the tribune for the use of the editors of the *Moniteur*.

An astounding uproar! The dust hung about like

smoke ; the noise was like thunder. Half-an-hour was consumed in making half a sentence audible.

Blanqui, pale and cold, in the midst of it all.

The rioters in the tribunes struck the bonnets of the ladies with their flag-staffs ; curiosity struggled with fear. The ladies stood it well for three-quarters of an hour, and then they took flight and disappeared. One alone remained some time longer ; she was pretty, well dressed, and wore a pink bonnet ; she was in great alarm, and was ready to throw herself into the hall to escape the crowd that stifled her.

A member, M. Duchaffaut, was taken by the throat and threatened with a dagger. Many other representatives were maltreated.

A ringleader, who was not of the people, a man of sinister appearance, with bloodshot eyes and a nose resembling the beak of a bird of prey, exclaimed : " Tomorrow, we will set up in Paris as many guillotines as we have erected trees of liberty."

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

20th June.

I WENT to the National Assembly to-day for the first time.

The hall is of rare ugliness. Beams in place of columns; partitions instead of walls; distemper instead of marble; something like the theatre of Carpentras largely magnified. The tribune, which bears the date of the days of February, resembles the musicians' platform at the Café des Aveugles. The members are seated on planks covered with green baize, and write on a bare board. In the midst of all this stands the old mahogany bureau of the Peers' Chamber, with its four lacquered brass caryatids, and its scales represented inside crowns.

I found many ushers from the Peers' Chamber there. One of them gazed at me for a long time with a melancholy air.

The three first representatives who escorted me, and with whom I shook hands, were MM. Boulay de la Meurthe, Edgar Quinet, and Altaroche.

I seated myself in the place of Dupont de l'Eure, who is ill just now.

July.

Lamennais, with the face of a pole-cat and the eye of an eagle, a cravat of the colour of badly-dressed cotton, a frock-coat of a saffron-brown; very large and very short nankeen pantaloons; blue socks, and large shoes. The badge of a representative was in his button-hole. His voice is so weak that those present had to group themselves round the tribune, in order to hear what he was saying, and even then they heard him with difficulty.

After the events of June, Blaise, the nephew of Lamennais, went to see his uncle to tell him "I am quite well." Blaise was an officer of the National Guard. Directly Lamennais perceived him, he shouted, without even giving Blaise a chance to open his mouth: "Go away; you are hateful to me; you have just fired upon poor people!"

The *mot* is a fine one.

Lamennais occupies the third place on the third bench on the Radical side, in the second bay to the left of the President, beside Jean Reynaud. He has his hat before him, and, as he is small, his hat hides him. He passes his time trimming his nails with a penknife.

He resided for a long while in the Quartier Beaujon, quite near to Théophile Gautier. Delaage visited them both in turn. Gautier used to say to him, speaking of Lamennais: "Go and see your old man in his clouds."

Proudhon is the son of a cooper at Besançon. He was born in 1805. Lately he has lived in the Rue Dauphine, and published his journal, the *Representative of the People*, there. Those who had business with the editor went up to see him there in a species of frame, and found Proudhon editing in a blouse and wooden shoes.

The Assembly has to-day heard the details of the Proudhon proposition from the author.

They saw appear in the tribune a man about forty-five years old, fair, with little hair but ample whiskers. He wore a black frock-coat and waistcoat. He did not speak; he read. He held his hands clenched upon the red velvet of the tribune, his manuscript between them. His voice is vulgar; his accent is common and hoarse; and he wears spectacles.

The commencement was listened to with anxiety; then the Assembly exploded in laughter and comments; then every one began to chatter. The Chamber began to empty, and the orator ended, in the midst of inattention, the discourse he had commenced in a sort of fright. Proudhon was deficient neither in talent nor in power. Nevertheless, he succumbed visibly at his failure, and displayed none of the sublime impudence of great innovators.

Lamennais listened to the end of Proudhon's discourse, with his red handkerchief pressed to his eyes as if in tears.

THE ALL-NIGHT SITTING OF THE

.3RD AUGUST.

Reading of the Report of the Commission of Enquiry concerning the Days of May.

Caussidière, who was absent at first, arrived at half-past two, and seated himself in his place on the top-most benches. He wore a white waistcoat and a black frock-coat.

Louis Blanc was seated on the top benches beside Ferdinand Gambon, and passed his hand continually through his hair.

Pierre Leroux is on the third bench below Louis Blanc, beside Lamennais. Pierre Leroux and Lamennais have opera-glasses. Leroux directs his upon the public tribunes. Lamennais stoops and seems to be reading. From time to time he cleans his nails and plunges his thumb into his snuff-box.

Cavaignac arrives later, and seats himself with folded arms near M. Marie, on the Ministerial benches. Lamartine is in his usual place at the end of the second lower bench of the second bay on the left, separated from Garnier-Pagès by Pagnerre. Lamartine folds his arms like Cavaignac: he is pale and calm in comparison with Ledru-Rollin, who is above him, red and agitated. Ledru-Rollin is a fat man with good teeth, the ideal of Anne of Austria. He has fat white hands, with which he caresses his fringe of beard. Proudhon is seated beside Lagrange, at the last triangular bay on the left at the end of the hall. The ladies of the diplomatic

tribune above his head regard him with a kind of horror, and remark audibly: "What a monster!" Proudhon crosses his legs—grey trousers, brown frock-coat—and is half reclining in his place, in such a fashion that his head is scarcely visible over the back of the seat. Lagrange, beside him, sits bolt upright; his black coat tightly buttoned. People remark his angular features, honest and bewildered. He has a turn-down collar and white cuffs.

Caussidière is often agitated during the reading of the Report. Louis Blanc asked in indignant tones to be allowed to speak. Caussidière cried: "It is shameful!" At the words "stupid people," which the Report attributed to him, he cried: "Calumny!" During the reading of the second part of the Report Ledru-Rollin took a pen and made notes. The reading of the first part lasted an hour.

The *rapporteur*, Bauchart, an advocate of Saint-Quentin, has the voice and gesture of the Procurator-General.

During the reading of the Report it was impossible for me not to believe that I was listening to Franck-Carré in the Court of Peers.

Odilon Barrot ascends the staircase and leaves the Assembly. The tribunes remark his coat of russet green, and his crown of white hair, like a bishop's tonsure.

A NIGHT SITTING.

25th August.

Did Louis Blanc and C^{la}ussidière participate in the events of the 15th May and 24th June? That is the grave question which the Assembly had to decide in this night's sitting.

The tribunes are filled to overflowing; every member is in his place. The eight lamps and the seven chandeliers are lighted. There is a rumour of an outbreak in the boulevards. There have been gatherings latterly in the Gardens of the Palais Royal. "Why did they not shut the gates?" exclaimed M. de Champvañs. They say that the troops are ready for mischief. The tribune has a sombre appearance. Eight o'clock strikes with the lugubrious sound of a tocsin. The hall is insufficiently lighted. One can distinguish beneath the first lustre the venerable and bowed head of Arago; and, near him, the pleasant, calm, and rigid profile of Lamartine.

As I was crossing the floor Lamartine called me. He was seated, conversing with Vivien, who was standing. He said to me: "What do you advise? Shall I speak or not?"

I replied: "Do not say anything. Keep silence. You have very little to do with it. The agitation is below. Remain above it."

He replied: "That is quite my own opinion."

"It is also mine," said Vivien.

"So," replied Lamartine, "I will say nothing." Then, after a pause, he resumed:

"At least, if the discussion does not concern me and damage me."

I replied: "Not even in that case, believe me. Keep your cries of pain for the woes of France and not for our little worries."

"Thank you," said Lamartine, "you are right," and I returned to my place.

Cavaignac is in his place, the first on the left of the Ministerial bench, separated from Goudchaux and Marie by his hat, placed on the Ministerial bench. Caussidière and Ledru-Rollin have not yet arrived.

Louis Blanc began to speak.

During an interruption, caused by Louis Blanc comparing himself to Lamartine, Caussidière arrived, stepped up to the desk of the President, and chatted with Marrast. Then he went to his seat.

There was a man in his shirt-sleeves, a spectator, who was perched up in the very roof of the hall, near the opening of the lustre, and who listened and watched from there.

The Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, and General Lamoricière, Minister of War, come in and seat themselves on the Ministerial bench beside MM. Goudchaux and Marie. Towards the conclusion of Louis Blanc's speech, Colonel de Ludre, who came and sat beside me, and my other neighbour, M. Archambaut,

fell asleep, in the midst of the agitation of the Assembly. •

Louis Blanc spoke for an hour and forty minutes. He closed with an eloquent peroration, and with a protest which came from the heart.

At ten o'clock, the Prefect of Police, Ducoux, arrived, and seated himself beside Cavaignac.

It was nearly midnight when Caussidière appeared in the tribune with an enormous roll of papers, which he announced his intention to read. A murmur of apprehension rose in the Assembly. In fact, the manuscript had many pages, but, as the writing was large, each page contained but few words: the reason for this was because Caussidière reads with difficulty, and he must have large letters like a child. Caussidière wore a single-breasted frock-coat buttoned up to his necktie. His Tartar face, his wide shoulders, and his enormous height were in curious contrast with his hesitating accents and his awkward attitude. There are both the giant and the child in this man. Nevertheless, I believed he was mixed up in those affairs in May—nothing has been proved as regards June.

He read, amongst other extracts, a letter from Ledru-Rollin, addressed to him on the 23rd of April: to him as Prefect—Ledru-Rollin being Minister. This letter advises him concerning a conspiracy to strangle him, and ends with these words: "Good-night, as usual, but keep wide awake!"

In another moment Caussidière, refusing to explain

himself, exclaimed: "The National Tribune was not instituted for the purpose of retailing tittle-tattle."

At one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a profound silence which fell suddenly upon the tumultuous assembly, the President, Marrast, read a demand to authorize the Procurator-General, Cornu, to proceed against Louis Blanc and Caussidière.

This brought Louis Blanc to the tribune with an energetic protest. His protest was energetic, but his voice had changed.

At times shouts arose from all parts of the Chamber; the spectators stood up in the tribunes. The chandeliers were extinguished many times, and they had to be re-lighted during the sitting.

At half-past two a.m. Lamartine left, with bent head, and with his hands in his pockets. He crossed the hall from one end to the other. He returned an hour later.

Just as the votes were about to be taken Caussidière, who did not mistake the disposition of the Assembly, approached the Ministerial bench, and said to General Cavaignac: "It is decided, then?" Cavaignac replied: "It is my duty." "General," replied Caussidière, "are you going to have me arrested here in this manner? I have my mother and sisters yonder—*que diable!*"

"What do you wish me to do?" asked General Cavaignac.

"Give me eight-and-forty hours. I have business to attend to. I must have time to turn round!"

"Very well," replied Cavaignac; "only arrange it with Marie."

The Minister of Justice consented to the forty-eight hours, and Caussidière took advantage of them to make his escape.

At daybreak the Assembly was still sitting. The lights were paling. Through the windows the grey and murky dawn was visible. The window-curtains were agitated by the morning breeze. It was very cold in the Chamber. I could distinguish the profiles of men cast upon the inside cornice of the casements, which were thrown there by the increasing daylight.

The voting was carried on with blue and white tickets. The white ones were for the accusation, the blue ones contrary. Each ticket, as usual, bore the name of the member voting.

At the last turn I saw blue tickets put in by nearly all my neighbours, even M. Isambert, who was very indignant against the inculpatated representatives.

Urgency was voted by 493 to 292. The majority necessary was 393. 93 thus occurring twice,

The Assembly afterwards approved of the proceedings being taken.

At six o'clock in the morning it was all over; the ladies in crowds descended from the tribunes by the single staircase, the greater number seeking their

husbands. Journalists called to each other in the corridors, the ushers chatted on business. It was stated that gendarmes had been seen in the *salle des pas perdus*. Eyes were dim, faces were pale, and a magnificent sunrise bathed the Place de la Concorde in its beams.

21st September.

Two bishops spoke to-day, the Abbé Parisis, Bishop of Langres, and the Abbé Fayet, Bishop of Orleans. The question was the freedom of instruction.

The Abbé Parisis, a man of ruddy countenance, with great round blue goggle-eyes, carries his fifty-five years with an air which savours more of ecclesiastical gravity and official humility, than of gravity and humility pure. He spoke from memory, with some pomposity, a few sentences which were received with cries of *Très bien*. The effect of the cassock in the tribune is diverse—with Parisis it inspires respect, with the Abbé Fayet it creates laughter. The Abbé Fayet is an easy-going man, a regular lady-bird, more like a cock-chaffer than a bishop. In the Assembly he goes from bench to bench; sitting in the ushers' chairs, laughing with the "blues," with the whites, with the reds; laughing with everyone, and getting laughed at by everyone. He wears a skull-cap of black velvet; his white hairs make him venerable in spite of himself. He has a Gascon accent, and ascends the tribune using an enormous coloured

handkerchief, which has all the appearance of an invalid's. They laugh at him. He says, in exaggerated phrase, that the great danger of the period is the Romantic school. (Laughter.) He proposes an amendment. (Laughter.) "Is it supported?"—"No, no." He descends, and blows his nose. (Laughter.) Such are our two bishops!

October.

M. Armand Marrast, who is, by the way, a man of sense, and, I believe, a brave man, before he edited the *Tribune*, then the *National*, had been master in a school. I do not know which. Louis le Grand, I believe. On the day he was elected President of the Assembly, people said of him: "Poor Marrast! He President of the National Assembly! With his little thin voice and his mean air! He, that old usher! He will soon go to the bottom!" Not at all! M. Marrast proved a remarkable President.

Why? Precisely because he had been a schoolmaster. He found that the habits of an usher precisely suited the President of an Assembly. "Silence, gentlemen."—"Mr. So-and-So, go to your seat."—"Bang, bang, bang" (the paper-knife slapping the table).—"Monsieur de la Rochejacquélein, I can hear nobody but you!"—"Messieurs les Ministres, you are talking so loudly that people cannot hear one another!"

And so on.

This is very simple. Schoolboys, or men, it is all the same; because there is already something of the man in the schoolboy, and there is always something of the schoolboy in the man.

1849.

AFTER NATURE.

The night of February 3—4.

SHE wore a necklace of beautiful pearls and a red Cashmere shawl of great beauty. The fringe, instead of being coloured, was embroidered in gold and silver, and hanging at her heels, so that she had charms at her neck and splendour at her feet. A true emblem of that woman who readily introduced a poet into her alcove, and kept a prince waiting in her ante-room.

She entered, threw her shawl on a sofa, and seated herself at the table ready laid, by the fire; a fowl, a salad, and some bottles of champagne and Rhine wine were prepared.

She seated her painter on her left, and motioned me to a chair on her right.

"Sit there," she said to me, "near me, and do not laugh at me and play the fool. If you only knew it, I am the fool. I love *him*. You see him! He is very ugly."

As she spoke she gazed at Serio with enraptured eyes.

"It is true," she continued, "that he has talent, even great talent, but he took my fancy in such a funny way. Some time since I saw him behind the scenes, and I asked who that very ugly man was. I asked Prince Caprasti, who brought him to supper. When he came near me I said: 'It is an ape!' He looked at me, I can't tell how. Towards the end of the supper I squeezed his hand as I gave him a plate. As he took his leave he asked, in a low tone :

" ' On what day shall I come and see you again ? ' "

" I answered : ' What day ? Don't come in the daytime, you are too ugly ; come at night.' He came one evening ; I put out all the candles ; and again, and the next night, and so on for three nights. I did not know what possessed me. On the fourth day I said to my music-teacher : ' I do not know what is the matter with me. There is a man whom I do not know—I do not even know his name—who comes every evening. He puts my head on his breast, and then he talks softly to me—so softly. He is very poor, he has not a sou ; and he has two sisters who have nothing ; he is ill—he has palpitation of the heart. I am dreadfully afraid of being foolishly in love with him.' ' My teacher replied : ' Bah ! the fifth day that will all go off.' I said : ' But he begins to bore me very much, this gentleman ! ' I did not know what was the matter with me. Monsieur, that lasted for thirty-two days ; and just imagine, he does not sleep. In the morning I have to kick him out."

" That is true," said Serio, in a melancholy manner.
" She pitches me into the street ! "

She leaned towards him, and said to him idolizingly :

"You are truly too ugly, look you, to have a pretty woman like me." In fact, monsieur," she continued, turning to me, "you cannot judge of me. I am rather untidy, that's all; but I have really some very pretty points. Say, Serio, shall I show him my neck?"

"Do so," said the painter.

I looked at Serio; he was pale. She, on her part, with a movement full of coquetry, and with hesitation, pulled aside and opened her dress, at the same time questioning Serio with her eyes full of love, and a smile which mocked him :

"What does it matter to you if I do show him my neck, Serio, eh? He must see it some of these days. I am going to show it to him, Serio."

"Do," said the painter.

His voice was guttural. He was green! He was suffering horribly. She screamed with laughter.

"Well, then, he may see my neck, Serio; everyone has seen it."

At the same moment she resolutely seized her dress with both hands, and permitted me to see one of those beautiful necks of which poets sing. Danaë must have been in this posture when Jupiter turned himself into a Rothschild to gain access to her.

Well, at that moment, I was not looking at Zubiri; I was looking at Serio.

He was trembling with rage and grief. Suddenly, he adopted a sneering tone, like an unhappy wretch who is in agony at heart.

"Aye, look there," he said to me; "the neck of a virgin and the smile of a bad woman."

I forgot to say that, meantime, someone had carved the fowl, and we were eating our suppers.

Zubiri fastened her dress again, and exclaimed:

"Ah! you know very well that I love you. Do not worry yourself. Because you have only had to do with old women hitherto, you are not accustomed to us, *par di!* it is very simple. Those old ones have nothing to show. It is true, my poor fellow, that you have had only to do with old women yet. You are so ugly. Well, what can they show you? Your Princess de Belle Joyeuse—that shadow! Your Countess d'Agorta—that witch! and your great devil of a blue-stocking of forty-five, who has blond hair! Do you wish to hide yourself? *A propos*, monsieur, you have never seen my leg!"

And before Serio could interfere, she had placed her heel upon the table and raised her dress, displaying the most beautiful leg in the world, clad in a stocking of transparent silk.

I turned to Serio. He did not speak; he did not move; his head had fallen back—he had fainted!

Zubiri rose, or rather jumped up. Her gaze, which a moment before had worn the most coquettish expression, now was full of anxiety.

"What is the matter?" she cried; "eh? Are you a fool?"

She threw herself upon him, called him by his name, threw water in his face; and in a second, phials, scent-

bottles, elixirs, vinaigrettes, covered the table, mingling with the half-empty glasses and the half-eaten fowl. Serio slowly opened his eyes.

Zubiri retired within herself, and sat down at his feet. She took his hands in her own little white ones, which had been modelled by Coustou, while, fixing her eyes on Serio, who was just opening his, she murmured :

"*Canaille !* To faint just because I showed my leg ! Ah, well ! if he had known me only for the last six months, he would have had fainting fits in plenty ! But you are a stupid, Serio ; you know very well that Zurbara painted me from the nude !"

"Yes," said Serio, languidly ; "and he produced a gross, heavy woman—a Fleming. It is very bad."

"He is a beast," replied Zubiri ; "and as I have not money enough to pay for the portrait, he is offering it to somebody or other for a timepiece. Well, you see, there is no need to put yourself out. What is a leg after all ? Besides, it is certain that your friend will be my lover after you, do you see ? Oh, Monsieur, I could not ! You might be Louis XIV., and I could not. You might offer me fifty thousand francs, but I could not deceive Serio. Then Prince Cafrarti will come back one of these days. Then another yet. You know one always has a reserve fund. And then there are other people who are anxious to know me. But I wish for no one. I am accustomed to Cafrarti. Monsieur, when Cafrarti comes back I shall not be able to put up with him for more than ten minutes. If he remains a

quarter of an hour I will kill him. That is what I have come to. I adore this fellow. Isn't he a beast to have been taken ill, and to frighten me like that? I ought to have called Cœlina. She is my maid. A fashionable woman would have awakened her, but we women—we let the girls sleep. We are good-natured, having nothing else. Ah! there he is all right again. O my poor old fellow, how I do love you! Monsieur, he wakes me every morning at four o'clock, and talks of his family, of his poverty, and of the great picture which he has painted for the Council of State. I don't know what is the matter with me, but it makes me shudder and cry. After all, he is making game of me very likely with his jeremiads; it is perhaps a yarn which he has told before to his former women! All men are so rascally. I am a fool to be taken in by all this, am I not? But for all that, I am taken in. I think of him during the day—it is very odd! There are moments when I am quite sad. Do you know I wish to die? I am twenty-four, and I am likely to live long. What is the good of getting wrinkled and faded by degrees and dying by inches? It is much better to go out at once. Then the loungers at Tortoni's will say while they smoke their cigars: 'Ah, you knew that pretty girl! she is dead!' A little later they will say: 'When will that awful-looking creature die? Why does she continue to exist like that? She is a nuisance!' These are the elegies which will be spoken of me. But I am in love in earnest. In love with this monkey, Serio! *Enfin*, fancy I call him my mother!"

Here she looked at Serio. He raised his eyes to Heaven. She asked softly :

“What are you doing?”

He replied : “I am listening to you.”

• “Well, then, what do you hear?”

“I hear a hymn!” said Serio. “

THE CHANCELLOR PASQUIER.

9th February.

YESTERDAY, Thursday, as I was leaving the Académie, where we had been discussing the word *accompagner*, I heard my name pronounced in the court.

"Monsieur Hugo, Monsieur Hugo!"

I turned round. It was M. Pasquier.

"Are you going to the Assembly?"

"Yes."

"May I take you there?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur le Chancelier."

I got into the carriage, which was a small brougham, lined with grey velvet. He made a great dog which was there lie down under his feet, and then we chatted.

"How are your eyes, M. le Chancelier?"

"Bad, very bad."

"Is it cataract?"

"Which is thickening. Well, I am like the governments, I am becoming blind."

I said, laughing:

"Perhaps that is in consequence of having governed!"

He took the allusion in very good part, and replied with a smile:

"It is not only myself who am going, it is everything. You are all in a worse plight than I am! I am eighty-

two years old, but you are a hundred. This Republic, born in February last, is more decrepit than I, who am no more than an old fellow, and will be dead before I think of dying. What things have I seen pass away! I shall see that go too."

"As he was in the vein I let him proceed. I encouraged his reminiscences. "It seems to me that I hear the past judging the present." He continued :

"Who said that about universal suffrage? It is the scourge which has been our safety. Our only fear a year ago, our only hope to-day. Providence has its own ways. I have never been religious, I am a little bitten by Voltaire; but before the things which are coming, I may say my *Credo* like an old woman."

"And your *Confiteor* a little also," I remarked.

"Oh, yes. You are right; *nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpa!* What a year was 1847! How 1847 led up to 1848! Take only our Chamber of Peers—Teste and Cubières condemned for corruption. The word *pick-pocket* attached to the epaulets of a general, and the word *thief* to the robe of the President. And then Count Bresson cut his throat. The Prince of Eckmühl stabbed his mistress, an old prostitute, who was not worth a kick. Count Mortier wants to kill his children. The Duke de Praslin murdered his wife. Is not there a fatality in all this? The upper class of society has shocked the lower. With regard to the people now, we shall never efface their impression that we poisoned the Duke de Praslin. Thus the accused murderer and his poisoning judges is the idea which is generally received of all this affair. Others believe that we have saved this wretched Duke, and that

we have substituted a corpse in his place. There are people who declare that Praslin is in London. He is there enjoying a hundred thousand francs a year with Mdle. de Luzzy. It is 'with all' this gossip and chatter that they undermine the mouldy old world. Now this is done with. They have not gained much by it. All these follies have been launched at once. However, I believe that '1847 has left a sadder impression than 1848. All those horrible trials. The Teste case. I could not make it out at that time. I was obliged to read all the documents, to have always behind me M. de la Chauvinière to be my eyes when I could no longer use my own.' You can imagine how tiresome it is. Nothing is so wearing to the mind. I do not know how I managed to preside over the affair. And those six last hours over the Duke de Praslin. What a sight! Ah, you, a tragic poet, who seek for horror and for pity—you had them there! That unhappy man from whom everything departed at once, who writhed in a double agony, who had poison in his body and remorse in his soul. It was horrible. He refused everything, and he clung to everything. Occasionally he bit his hand in agony; he looked at us and watched us with a fixed stare; he seemed to be asking for life and demanding death. I have never beheld such terrible despair. The poison he swallowed was such as to increase his strength at the last, one which gave him extra vitality while it consumed him. As he was dying, I said to him: 'Confess, in pity to yourself. Are you guilty?' He looked at me in fear, and replied, faintly, 'No.' That was a fearful moment. He had a lie on his lips and truth in his eyes.

Oh, I would you had been there, M. Hugo. But all is over now. The other day I had an idea of going to see the Luxembourg."

He paused. I said :

" Well ? "

" Well, they have spoiled it ; all is rebuilt, that is to say, all is defaced. I did not enter the palace ; but I saw the garden. Everything is topsy-turvy. They have made walks in the nursery ; English alleys in the nursery-ground ! Can you understand that ? It is folly ! "

" Yes," I said, " it is characteristic of the time ; small follies are mingled with great ones. " .

We had got so far, when the carriage stopped at the entrance to the Assembly. I got out. We had only time to exchange our addresses.

" Where do you live now, M. Hugo ? "

" No. 37 Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. And you, monsieur ? "

" No. 20 Rue Royale. "

" By the way," he said, as he shut the door, " it is still called Rue Royale ! "

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MADemoiselle GEORGES.

9th April.

MADemoiselle GEORGES came to me the other day and said :

"I have come to you. I am in despair. What you have said about Antonin Moyné has pained me greatly. I assure you, that one of these fine days something dreadful will happen to me. I have been to see Boulay de la Meurthe ; he used to breakfast with me when I had Harel. He denied himself to me ; he would not see me. He is a miser. He is very rich, as you may imagine. Well, he would allow himself to be kicked for a crown piece, and afterwards cut it in quarters. I have been to see Jérôme. He received me. He said : 'What do you want, Georgina?' I replied, 'I want nothing. I believe I am still richer than you, although I have nothing. But walk before me ; hold yourself up ; it seems to me that I see something of the Emperor. That is all I require.' He laughed and replied : 'You are right ; I am poorer than you. 'You have no money, but you can eat potatoes.' But I have not a sou, and I must eat with people who have truffles. Fancy, they send me candles by dozens of pounds, and send me an account. They say

"Beg." But I reply, "I am accustomed to command, and not to entreat." Monsieur Hugo, so much for Jérôme! As for the President, he is a simpleton. I detest him. In the first place, he is very ugly. He rides and drives well. That's all! I went to him. He replied he could not see me. When he was only poor Prince Louis, he received me in the Place Vendôme for two hours in succession, and the idiot made me look at the column. He has an English mistress, a pretty blonde, who deceives him in every possible way. I do not know whether he is aware of it, but everybody else is. He goes to the Champs-Élysées in a little carriage, which he drives himself. He will be upset some day by his horses, or by the people. I told Jérôme I detested that *sai-disant* nephew of his. Jérôme put his hand on my mouth, and said: 'Hold your tongue, stupid.' I said: 'He speculates. Achille Fould goes and sees him every day, and gets the news before everybody else, then he goes and speculates for a rise or a fall. This is quite certain with regard to the recent events in Piedmont. I know it.' Jérôme said to me: 'Don't talk of such things. Such chatter as that ruined Louis-Philippe.' What is Louis-Philippe to me, M. Hugo? He never did anything for Harel. That is the truth. I am in poverty. I plucked up courage, and went to call on Rachel—Mlle. Rachel—to ask her to play *Rodogune* with me at my benefit. She did not admit me, and requested me to write. Oh, certainly not! I have not got to that yet. I am a queen of the theatre as well as she, and one day she will be a poor old pauper like me. Well, I will not write to her. I will not ask

for alms from her. I will not wait in her ante-chamber. But she does not remember that she was once a beggar. She does not think what she will come to. A mendicant in the *cafés*, M. Hugo, she sang, and they threw her coppers. Good. Now she plays *lânsquenet* with Véron for a louis, and wins or loses ten thousand francs a night. But in thirty years she will not have six farthings, and she will walk in the mud with her shoes worn down at heel. In thirty years she will not call herself Rachel as easily as I call myself Georges. She will find that some child with talent and youth will trample upon her, and she will grovel before her, mark you. She will be down, and for this reason, that she is insolent. No, I will not go. No, I will not write to her. I have nothing to eat, it is true. Toto earns nothing. He has a place in the President's household which does not bring him anything. I have a sister—you know Babelle?—to take care of. Hostein would not engage her at the Historique—the Théâtre-Historique—for fifteen hundred francs. I have been to Boulay's house, to the President's, to Rachel's; I can see no one except you. I owe ten francs to my doorkeeper. I was obliged to pawn and sell the diamond studs which the Emperor gave me. I play at the *Théâtre Saint-Marcel*; I play at the *Batignolles*; I play in the suburbs, and I have not twenty-five sous to pay for my cab. Well, no; I will not write to Rachel; I would rather drown myself!"

1850.

. 14th January.

ALFRED DE VIGNY and I have frustrated the election at the Académie to-day.

Empis and Victor Leclerc were proposed. We would have neither of them. We put in white tickets. . .

There were thirty-four voters; majority, eighteen votes. There were five ballots. M. Empis had fifteen votes, M. Leclerc sixteen. There were votes given at times to MM. Émile Deschamps, Lamennais, Alfred de Musset, and Béranger. With our two votes we could decide the election. We stood firm. It had to be postponed, and it is left over for a month!

At the first ballot, when the two white tickets were announced, M. Flourens said: "There are two votes lost."

I replied: "Lost! Say put out at interest!" My intention is to make one of the two parties come to an arrangement with us, who are the all-powerful make-weights, and to nominate Balzac or Dumas in exchange for our votes. In this way I got Alfred de Vigny nominated two years ago.

At this moment, I was taking Dupin to task upon the subject of Balzac. He interrupted me:

“Diable! diable! You would have Balzac enter the Académie unopposed the first time like that! You quote as examples Patin, Saint-Marc Girardin, Brifaut; but they prove nothing. Only think! Balzac in the Académie without any more ado! You have not thought it over. Is it possible? But you do not think of one thing: he deserves it!”

19th March.

At the Académie-Française we decide upon the Prose Competition. This is how we do it.

M. de Barante reads a pamphlet. M. Mérimée writes. MM. Salvandy and Vitet talk aloud. MM. Guizot and Pasquier talk in low tones. M. de Ségur holds a newspaper. MM. Mignet, Lebrun, and Saint-Aulaire laugh at some jest or other of M. Viennet. M. Scribe makes sketches with his pen on a paper-knife. M. Flourens comes in and takes off his overcoat. Messrs. Patin, De Vigny, Pougerville, and Empis look at the ceiling or the carpet. M. Sainte-Beuve exclaims from time to time. M. Villemain reads manuscript, while complaining of the sun in his face. M. de Noailles is absorbed in a kind of directory which he holds open. M. Tissot sleeps. As for me, I am writing this. The other Academicians are absent.

The subject of the competition is a panegyric on Madame de Staël.

THE DEATH OF BALZAC.

ON the 18th of August, 1850, my wife, who had been during the day to see Madame de Balzac, told me that M. de Balzac was dying. I hurried to him.

M. de Balzac had been suffering for eighteen months from an aneurism of the heart. After the revolution of February, he went to Russia, and there married. Some days before his departure I met him on the boulevard. He was already complaining, and breathed noisily. In May, 1850, he returned to France, married, rich, and dying! When he arrived his legs were already swollen. Four doctors who were consulted auscultated him. One of them, M. Louis, told me on the 6th of July: "He has not six weeks to live." It is the same disease that Frederic Soulié had.

On the 18th August, my uncle, General Louis Hugo, was dining with me. As soon as the table was cleared I left, and took a cab to No. 14, Avenue Fortunée, in the Quartier Beaujon. It was here that M. de Balzac lived. He had purchased what remained of the mansion of M. de Beaujon, some portion having escaped demolition. He had furnished it magnificently, and made it a very pretty little house, having a carriage entrance in the Avenue Fortunée, and for garden a long and narrow count, in

which the pavement was here and there cut into flower-beds.

I rang. The moon shone, but was obscured by clouds. The street was deserted. No one came. I rang again. The door opened. A servant appeared with a candle. "What do you want, Sir?" she asked. She was crying.

I told her my name. She ushered me into a room on the ground floor, in which, on a bracket opposite the chimney-piece, was a colossal bust of Balzac, by David. A wax-candle was burning upon a splendid table in the centre of the *salon*, with six statuettes for legs, gilt with the purest gold.

Another woman, who was also crying, came and said:

"He is dying. Madame has gone to her own room. The doctors have not been here since yesterday. He has a wound in the left leg. Gangrene has set in. The doctors do not know what they are doing; they say that the dropsy is a buffy dropsy, an infiltration—that is what they called it—that the skin and the flesh were like fat, and that it was impossible to tap him. Last month, when going to bed, master ran against a piece of ornamental furniture and tore the skin of his leg, and all the water in the body ran out. The doctors were much astonished, and since then they have made punctures. They said: 'Imitate nature.' But an abscess in the leg has supervened. M. Roux performed the operation. Yesterday they removed the dressing; the wound, instead of having suppurated, was red, dry, and angry. Then they said: 'There is no hope for him,' and did not return any more.

Four or five were sent for in vain. Everyone said: 'It is no use.' He has had a bad night. This morning at nine o'clock Monsieur could not speak. Madame sent for a priest; he came, and has administered extreme unction to Monsieur. One hour afterwards he shook hands with his sister, Madame de Surville. Since eleven o'clock he has had a rattling in the throat, and he can no longer see. He will not live through the night. If you wish, Sir, I will go and look for M. de Surville, who has not yet retired."

The woman left me. I waited for some minutes. The candle scarcely lighted the room, its splendid furniture and fine paintings by Porbus and Holbein. The marble stood out vaguely against the gloom like the spectre of the man who was dying. A corpse-like smell pervaded the house.

M. de Surville entered, and confirmed all that the servant had said. I asked to see M. de Balzac.

We proceeded along a corridor, ascended a staircase covered with red carpet, and laden with objects of art—vases, statues, pictures, credence-tables—and then another corridor, and I perceived an open door. I heard a loud and sinister rattling noise. I was in the death-chamber of Balzac.

A bed stood in the middle of the room, a mahogany bedstead having a suspensory arrangement at the head and foot for the convenience of moving the invalid. M. de Balzac was in this bed, his head supported on a pile of pillows, to which had been added the red damask cushions from the sofa. His face was purple, almost black, and leaned towards the right side, his beard un-

trimmed, his grey hair cut short, his eyes fixed and open. I saw him in profile, in which way he bore a resemblance to the Emperor.

An old woman (the nurse), and a man-servant, stood at each side of the bed; a candle was burning behind the head of the bed upon a table, another upon the drawers near the door. A silver vase was placed on the night-table. This man and this woman stood silent in fear, and listened to the loud death-rattle of the dying man.

The candle behind the bed lighted up brightly the portrait of a man, young, ruddy and smiling, hanging near the fireplace.

An insupportable smell issued from the bed. I lifted the counterpane and took the hand of Balzac. It was clammy. I pressed it. He did not respond to the pressure.

This was the same room in which I had come to see him a month previously. He was then cheerful, full of hope, having no doubt of his recovery, showing his swelling, and laughing. We had a long conversation and a political difference. He reproached me for my demagogic tendency. He was a Legitimist. He said to me: "How could you discard so coolly the title of Peer of France, the best after that of King of France?" He also said: "I have the house of M. de Beaujon without the garden, but with the seat in the little church at the corner of the street. A door in my staircase opens into this church, one turn of the key and I am at mass. I think more of the seat than of the garden." When I was

about to leave him he conducted me to this staircase with difficulty and showed me the door, and then he called out to his wife: "Mind you show Hugo all my pictures."

The nurse said to me: "He will die at daybreak."

I came downstairs again bearing in mind this livid countenance. Crossing the dining-room, I found the bust motionless, impassive, haughty, vaguely radiant, and I compared death with immortality.

When I reached home it was Sunday. I found many people awaiting me, amongst others Riza-Bey, the Turkish chargé d'affaires, Navarrete, the Spanish poet, and Count Arrivabene, the exiled Italian. I said to them, "Gentlemen, Europe is on the point of losing a great mind."

He died in the night. He was fifty-one years of age.

They buried him on the following day.

He lay first in the Beaujon Chapel, passing through the door the key of which was more precious to him than all the beautiful gardens of the old farmer-general.

Giraud took his portrait on the very day of his death. They wished to take a cast of his face but could not; decomposition was too rapid. The morning after his death the modellers who came found his face deformed

and the nose fallen upon the cheek. They put him in an oak and lead coffin.

The service was performed at Saint-Philippe du Roule. As I stood by the coffin I remembered that there my second daughter had been baptized, and I had not been in the church since. In our memories death is allied to birth.

The Minister of the Interior, Baroche, came to the funeral. He was seated by me in church, near the bier, and from time to time spoke to me. He said: "He was a distinguished man." I replied: "He was a genius."

The procession traversed Paris and went by way of the Boulevards to Père-Lachaise. A few drops of rain fell as we were leaving the church and as we reached the cemetery. It was one of those days on which it seems that the heavens shed tears.

We walked all the way. I proceeded in front of the coffin, holding one of the silver tassels of the pall; Alexander Dumas was on the opposite side.

When we came to the grave, which was some distance up the hill, we found an immense crowd. The road was rough and narrow; the horses had some difficulty in pulling the hearse, which rolled back again. I found

myself imprisoned between a wheel and a tomb, and was very nearly crushed. The spectators who were standing on the tomb helped me up.

The coffin was lowered into the grave, which is close to those of Charles Nodier and of Casimir Delavigne. The priest said the last prayer, and I spoke a few words. As I was speaking the sun set. All Paris appeared in the distance enveloped in the splendid haze of the setting orb. Some lumps of earth fell into the grave almost at my feet, and I was interrupted by the dull sound of this earth dropping on the coffin.

1853.

HUBERT, THE SPY.

Jersey

YESTERDAY, the 20th of October, 1853, contrary to my custom, I went out in the evening. I had written two letters, one to Schœlcher in London, the other to Samuel in Brussels, and I wished to post them myself. I was returning by moonlight, about half-past nine, when, as I was passing the place which we call Tap et Flac, a kind of small square opposite Gosset the grocer's, an affrighted group approached me.

They were four refugees : Mathé, a representative of the people ; Rattier, a lawyer ; Hayes, *alias* Sans-Couture, a shoemaker ; and Henry, *alias* Little Father Henry, of whose profession I am ignorant.

"What is the matter with you ?" I said, seeing them greatly agitated.

"We have just passed sentence on a man," said Mathé, as he waved a roll of paper which he held in his hand.

Then they rapidly gave me the following details. (Having retired since May from the society of refugees and having lived in the country, all these facts were new to me.)

In the month of April last a political refugee landed in Jersey. The inn-keeper, Beauvais, who is a generous-hearted fellow, was walking on the quay when the packet came alongside. He saw a man pale, exhausted, and in rags, carrying a little bundle. "Who are you?" said Beauvais.—"A refugee."—"What is your name?"—"Hubert."—"Where are you going?"—"I do not know."—"Do you know of an inn?"—"I have no money."—"Come home with me."

Beauvais took Hubert to his little house, at No. 20 Don Street.

Hubert was a man of about fifty, with white hair and a black moustache. His face was marked with small-pox. His appearance was robust, his eye intelligent. He said he had been a schoolmaster and a surveyor. He came from the department of the Eure; he had been exiled on the 2nd of December. He reached Brussels, where he came to see me; driven from Brussels, he went to London, and in London he lived in the lowest depths of an exile's poverty. He had lived five months, five winter months, in what they call a "Social," a large dilapidated sort of room, the doors and windows of which admit draughts, while the roof lets in the rain. He slept the two first months side by side with Bourillon, another refugee, on the flagstone in front of the fireplace.

These men lay on this stone without mattress or covering, without even a handful of straw, with their wet, ragged clothes on their bodies. There was no fire. It was not till the end of the two months that Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin gave them some money with to buy coal. When these men had some potatoes they

boiled them and dined; when they had none they ate nothing at all.

Hubert, without money or a bed, almost without shoes or clothing, lived there, slept on the stone, shivered continually, ate seldom, and never complained. He took his large share of the general suffering stoically, impassively, and in silence. He was a member of the Society called *La Délégation*; then he quitted it, saying: "Félix Pyat is no socialist." Afterwards he joined the Society called *La Révolution*, and left it declaring that Ledru-Rollin was not a Republican.

On the 14th of September, 1852, the Prefect of the Eure wrote to him asking him to send in his "submission." Hubert answered the Prefect in an outspoken letter, full, as regards his "Emperor," of the coarsest terms, such as *clique*, *canaille*, *misérable*. He showed this letter, dated the 24th of September, to all the refugees he met, and posted it up in the room where the members of the *Révolution* used to meet.

On the 5th of February he saw his name in the *Moniteur* amongst the pardoned. Hubert was filled with indignation, and instead of returning to France he went to Jersey, declaring that there were better Republicans there than in London. So it came to pass that he disembarked at St. Heliers.

When he reached Beauvais' house, Beauvais showed him a room.

"I told you I had no money," said Hubert.—"Never mind," said Beauvais.—"Give me a corner and a truss of straw in the loft."—"I would rather give you my own room and bed," said Beauvais.

At meal-times Hubert would not sit down to table. Several refugees were living in Beauvais' house, where they breakfasted and dined for 35 francs a month.

"I have not 35 sous," said Hubert. "Give me a snack. I will eat it at the corner of the kitchen-table."

Beauvais was annoyed. "By no means," he said; "you will dine with us, citizen."—"And pay you?"—"When you can."—"Never, perhaps."—"Well, then, never."

Beauvais procured for Hubert some pupils in the town, to whom he taught grammar and arithmetic, and with the produce of these lessons he compelled him to buy an overcoat and some shoes. "I have shoes," said Hubert. "Yes, you have shoes, but they have not any soles."

The refugees were moved to pity on seeing Hubert's condition, and they granted him the ordinary assistance allotted to the necessitous with no wife nor child, namely, seven francs a week. With that and his lessons he existed. He had no more. Many people, Gaffney amongst others, offered him money; but he never would accept it. "No," he would say; "there are people more unfortunate than I."

He made himself very useful in Beauvais' house, occupying the least possible room, rising from table before dinner was over, drinking no wine or brandy, and refusing to have his glass filled. He was an ardent communist, did not recognize any chief, declared the Republic was betrayed by Louis Blanc, Félix Pyat and Ledru-Rollin, by myself; recommending at the fall of Napoleon, whom he always called Badinguet, a "six months' massacre" to have done with it; wringing by dint of his sufferings

and his earnestness, a certain respect even from those who avoided him, having about him some indescribable air of rugged honesty. A moderate said of him to an enthusiast: "He is worse than Robespierre." The other replied: "He is better than Marat."

This was the mask which had just fallen. This man was a spy.

The fact was discovered on this wise.

Hubert, among the refugees, had an intimate friend named Hayes. One day, in the beginning of September, he took Hayes aside, and said to him, in a low and mysterious tone: "I am going away to-morrow."—"You going away?"—"Yes."—"Where are you going to?"—"To France."—"What, to France?"—"To Paris."—"To Paris?"—"They expect me there."—"What for?"—"To strike a blow."—"How will you enter France?"—"I have a passport."—"From whom?"—"From the Consul."—"In your own name?"—"In my own name."—"That is very odd."—"You forget that I was pardoned in February."—"That's true; and the money?"—"I have some."—"How much?"—"Twenty francs."—"Are you going all the way to Paris with twenty francs?"—"As soon as I reach Saint-Malo I shall go as I can, on foot, if necessary. If necessary I will not eat. I will go straight on by the shortest way."

Instead of taking the shortest, he took the longest way. From Saint-Malo he went to Rennes, from Rennes to Nantes, from Nantes to Angers, from Angers to Paris, by the railway. He took six days on the journey. As he proceeded he saw in every town the democratic leaders: Boué at Saint-Malo, Roche, Doctor Guépin and the

Mangins at Nantes ; Rioteau at Angers. He announced himself everywhere as being on a mission from the refugees of Jersey, and he easily gained assistance everywhere. He neither hid nor displayed his poverty, people could see it. At Angers he borrowed fifty francs from Rioteau, not having enough to go to Paris.

From Angers he wrote to a woman with whom he had lived in Jersey, one Mélanie Simon, a seamstress, lodging at No. 5, Hill Street, and who had actually lent him 32 francs for his journey. She had concealed this money from Hayes. He told this woman that she might write to him to No. 38 Rue de l'École de Médecine, that he did not lodge there, but he had a friend who would forward his letters.

Arriving in Paris he went to see Goudchaux ; he found out in some way which could not be ascertained, the residence of Boisson, the agent of the Ledru-Rollin faction. The said Boisson lived concealed in Paris. He presented himself to Boisson as an envoy from us, the refugees of Jersey, and entered into all the combinations of the party called the Party of Action.

Towards the end of September he disembarked in Jersey from the steamer *Rose*. The day after his arrival he took Hayes aside and declared that a blow was about to be struck, and that if he, Hubert, had arrived some days sooner in Paris, the blow would have been struck then ; that his advice, which had almost been accepted, had been to blow up a railway bridge while "Badin-guet's" train was passing ; that men and money were both ready, but that the people had no confidence except in the refugees, and that he was going to return to Paris

on this account. As he had taken part in every blow struck since 1830, he was not the man to back out of this; but he himself was not sufficient, he required ten refugees, who would volunteer to put themselves at the head of the people when the time for action arrived, and he had come to seek them in Jersey. He ended by asking Hayes if he would be one of the ten. "That I will," replied Hayes.

Hubert saw the refugees, and confided in them in the same mysterious way, saying, "I have told no one but you." He enrolled, amongst others, in addition to Hayes, Jégo, who was recovering from typhoid fever, and Gigoux, to whom he declared that his name of Gigoux would "stir the masses." Those he enlisted thus with a view of taking them to Paris, said: "But the money?"—"Never fear," replied Hubert, "there is money in hand; you will be expected at the landing-stage. Come to Paris, the rest will arrange itself. You will have a lodging found for you."

Besides Hayes, Gigoux, and Jégo, he interviewed Jarassé, Famot, Rondeaux, and others.

Since this dissolution of the General Society, two Societies of Refugees were formed in Jersey, the *Fraternelle* and the *Fraternité*.

Hubert belonged to the *Fraternité*, of which Gigoux was treasurer. He drew from it, as I have said, seven francs a week. He claimed from Gigoux who paid it to him the fourteen francs for the two weeks he was away, as he had been absent in the service of the Republic.

The day when Hubert and those I have mentioned were to leave was fixed for Friday, the 21st of October.

However, a refugee, named Rattier, a lawyer of Lorient, being one morning in the shop of Hurel, the tobacconist, saw a man enter to whom he had never spoken, but whom he knew by sight. This man, perceiving him to be a Frenchman, said to him: "Citizen, have you change for a hundred franc note?"—"No," replied Rattier. The man unfolded a yellow paper, which he held in his hand, and presented it to the tobacconist, asking for change. The shopkeeper had not sufficient. During the colloquy, Rattier recognised the paper as a Bank of France note for one hundred francs. The man went away, and Rattier said to Hurel: "Do you know that man's name?"—"Yes," replied Hurel, "he is a French refugee, named Hubert."

Almost at the same time Hubert, when paying for his lodgings, took from his pocket handfuls of shillings and half-crowns.

Mélanie Simon demanded the 32 francs; he refused to pay her, and at the same time, by a strange sort of contradiction, he allowed her to see a pocket-book full, as Mélanie afterwards said, of yellow and blue papers. "They are bank-notes," said Hubert to Mélanie Simon. "I have three thousand five hundred francs in this."

However, the contradiction was explained. Hubert, about to return to France, wished to take Mélanie Simon with him; he refused to pay her in order that she might go with him; and that she might be under no apprehension in going with him, he showed her that he was rich.

Mélanie Simon did not wish to leave Jersey, and again demanded her 32 francs. Disputes arose; Hubert still

refused. "Listen to me," said Mélanie; "if you do not pay me, I have seen your money; I guess you are a spy, and I will denounce you to the refugees."

Hubert laughed.

"Make them believe that of me," said he. "*Allons donc.*"

He hoped to disabuse Mélanie Simon of this idea by putting a good face on the matter.

"My thirty-two francs," said Mélanie.

"Not a sou," replied Hubert.

Mélanie Simon went and sought Jarassé and denounced Hubert.

It seemed at first sight that Hubert was right. The refugees vied with each other in laughing aloud at it.

"Hubert a spy?" it was said. "Nonsense."

Beauvais recalled his sobriety and Gaffney his disinterestedness, Bisson his republicanism, Seigneuret his communism, Bourillon the five months they slept on the stones, Gigoux the assistance they had given him, Roumilhac his stoicism, and all of them his poverty.

"I have seen him without shoes," said one.

"And I without a lodging," said another.

"And I without bread," added a third.

"He was my best friend," said Hayes.

Then Rattier related the incident of the 100 franc note; the details of Hubert's journey leaked out by degrees. They asked themselves the meaning of this curious itinerary. They learned that he had gone about from place to place with wonderful facility. A resident of Jersey declared that he had seen him walking on the quay of Saint-Malo amongst the custom-house officers and

gendarmes without their noticing him. Suspicion was awakened, Mélanie Simon called aloud from the house-tops, the poet wine-grower Claude Durand, who was respected by all the proscribed, shook his head when speaking of Hubert.

Mélanie Simon told Jarassé of Hubert's letter, giving his address in Paris at No. 38 Rue de l'École de Médecine, where a friend received his letters. Now the son of Mathé, the representative, when he went to Paris some months before, had by a curious coincidence lodged in that very same house.

Jarassé having shown to Mathé Hubert's letter to Mélanie, the address and the friend attracted the attention of Mathé's son, who was present, and who exclaimed, "Why, that is the very house in which I lived. Among the lodgers there was a member of the police force named Philippi."

• A low murmur began to spread amongst the refugees.

Hayes and Gigoux, Hubert's friends, whom he had enrolled for Paris, said to him :

"People are certainly talking."—"About what?" said Hubert.—"About Mélanie Simon and you."—"Well they say she is my mistress, I suppose."—"No, they say that you are a spy."—"Well, what is to be done about it?"—"Demand an enquiry," said Hayes.—"And a judgment," said Gigoux.

Hubert made no answer. His friends frowned.

Next day they pressed him again. He was silent. They returned to the charge. He almost refused to speak. The more he hesitated, the more they persisted. They ended by declaring that he must clear the matter up.

Hubert, being unable to avert the enquiry, and perceiving that suspicion grew stronger, consented.

It is at Beauvais' house, No. 20, Don Street, that is held what is called the Refugees' Club.

Refugees who follow no occupation and refugees out of work meet there in a common room. Hubert posted in this room a declaration addressed to his brothers in exile, in which, with reference to the "infamous calumnies" spread concerning him, he placed himself at the disposal of all, demanded an investigation, and requested that he should be judged by all the refugees.

He wished for an *immediate* investigation, reminding them that he contemplated leaving Jersey on Friday the 21st of October, and concluded by saying: "The justice of the people ought to be prompt."

The last words of this proclamation were: "The truth will come to light. Signed, Hubert."

The "Fraternity" Society to which Hubert belonged assembled, ordered the enquiry, and nominated five of its members to take the preliminary steps in connexion with this domestic trial among the refugees, namely, Mathé, Rattier, Rondeaux, Henry, and Hayes. Mathé, since his son's exclamation of surprise, was convinced of Hubert's guilt.

This Commission made a regular judicial enquiry, called witnesses, heard Gigoux and Jégo, who had been enrolled by Hubert for Paris, Jarassé, Famot, to whom Hubert had spoken of the six months' massacre to make an end of it; collected the reports of Rattier and Hayes; called Mélanie Simon, confronted her with Hubert; called for the letter written by Hubert from Angers, which had

been torn up, and pieced it together again; drew up an official report of it all. When confronted with Hubert, Mélanie Simon confirmed all her statements, and told him plainly that he was a spy of Bonaparte's.

Suspicious abounded, but proofs were wanting.

Mathé said to Hubert: "You leave on Friday?"—"Yes."—"You have a trunk?"—"Yes."—"What do you carry in that trunk?"—"A few old clothes of mine and copies of the Socialist and Republican publications."—"Will you permit your trunk to be searched?"—"Yes."

Rondeaux accompanied Hubert to Beauvais' house, where he lodged, and where his trunk was. It was opened. Rondeaux found in it some shirts, one or two handkerchiefs, an old pair of trousers and an old coat. Nothing more.

The absence of positive proofs weakened suspicion, and the opinion of the refugees became once more favourable to Hubert.

Hayes, Gigoux, and Beauvais defended him warmly.

Rondeaux reported what he had found in the trunk.

"And the Socialist publications?" asked Mathé.

"I did not see any," replied Rondeaux.

Hubert said nothing.

However, the report of the searching of the trunk having got abroad, a carpenter in Queen Street said to a refugee, Jarassé I think it was: "But have you opened the false bottom?"—"What false bottom?"—"The false bottom of the trunk."—"Do you mean to say that the trunk has a false bottom?"—"Certainly."—"How do you know?"—"Because I made it."

This was repeated to the commission. Mathé said to Hubert: "Your trunk has a false bottom?"—"Certainly."—"Why this false bottom?"—"Parbleu! To hide the democratic writings which I carry about."—"Why did you not tell Rondeaux of it?"—"I did not think about it."—"Will you allow it to be examined?"—"Yes."

Hubert gave his consent in the calmest manner in the world, giving answers in monosyllables and scarcely removing his pipe from his mouth. From his laconic answers his friends argued his innocence.

The commissioners decided that they would all be present, at this inspection of the trunk. They set out. It was Thursday—the day before that fixed by Hubert for his departure. On the way: "Where are we going?" asked Hubert.

"To Beauvais' house," said Rondeaux, "since your trunk is there."

Hubert replied:

"There are a number of us, it will be necessary to break open the false bottom with a hammer—that will create excitement at Beauvais' house, where there are always a number of refugees. Let two of you come with me and carry the trunk to the carpenter's house, while the others await us there. As the carpenter made the false bottom, he will be able to remove it better than anybody else. Everything will take place, as before, in the presence of the commission, and there will be no scandal."

They consented to this. Hubert, assisted by Hayes and Henry, carried the trunk to the carpenter's shop, and

the false bottom was opened. It was full of papers. There were Republican writings—my speeches, the *Bagnes d'Afrique* of Ribeyrolles, the *Couronne Impériale* of Cahagne. They found there three or four passports of Hubert's, the last issued in France at his request. A complete set of documents were there found relative to the internal organisation of the society *La Révolution* organised in London by Ledru-Rollin, all this mixed up with many letters and a mass of bundles of papers.

Amongst these bundles were found two letters which seemed singular.

The former, dated the 24th of September, was addressed to the Prefect of the Eure, rejecting the offer of an amnesty with a prodigality of epithets. This was the letter which Hubert had shown to the refugees in London, and placarded in their meeting-room.

The second letter, dated the 30th, only six days later, was addressed to the same Prefect, and contained, in the form of a request, very plain offers of service to the Bonapartist Government.

These two letters being at variance with each other, it was evident that only one could have been sent, and it appeared probable that this was not the former. According to every appearance, the second was the true letter; the first was "for show."

The two letters were shown to Hubert, who continued to smoke his pipe calmly.

The two letters were put aside, and the examination of the papers was continued.

A letter in Hubert's writing commencing "My dear mother," fell into the hands of Rattier. He read the

opening sentences, but as it seemed a private letter he was about to discard it, when he perceived that the sheet was double. He opened it almost mechanically, and it was as though a flash of lightning struck his eyes. His gaze had fallen at the head of the second sheet on these words in Hubert's handwriting: "*To M. de Maupas, Minister of Police. Monsieur le Ministre.*"

Then followed the following letter, a letter signed "Hubert."

"*To M. de Maupas, Minister of Police, Paris.*

"M. LE MINISTRE,

"I received, under date of the 14th of September last, with a view to my return to France, a letter from the Prefect of the Eure.

"On the 24th and 30th of the same month I wrote two letters to M. le Préfet, neither of which has been answered.

"Since then my name has figured in the *Moniteur* in the list referring to the decree of the 5th of February instant, but I was not ready to go at that time, as I wished to finish in London a pamphlet entitled '*The Republican refugees, and the Republic rendered impossible by these same pretended Republicans.*' This pamphlet, full of truths and facts which no one can deny, will produce, I think, some effect in France, where I wish to have it printed. I had my passport viséd for France yesterday; nothing of any interest therefore will keep me in England, unless it is that before leaving, I should

like to know whether I shall receive what is due to me, and what I claim in my aforesaid letter of the 30th September.

"The Prefect of the Eure, who was begged to communicate this letter to the proper person, must have forwarded it to the Government. I still await the result, but seeing that so long a time has elapsed and I have received nothing, I have decided to address this letter to you, in the hope of obtaining an immediate settlement.

"My address in London, England, is 17, Church Street, Soho Square."

"And my name, Hubert Julien Damascène, surveyor, of Henqueville, near Andelys (Eure).

"(Signed)

HUBERT.

"25th of February, 1853."

Rattier raised his eyes and looked at Hubert.

He had dropped his pipe. The perspiration stood on his forehead in great beads.

"You are a spy!" said Rattier.

Hubert, pale as death, fell into a chair without uttering a word in reply.

The members of the commission tied up the papers, and went immediately to report the result to the Fraternity Society, which was then assembled.

It was on their way thither that I met them.

When these facts came to light, a sort of electric shock thrilled the refugees throughout the town. They ran about the streets, they ran against each other, the

most ardent politicians were the most astounded. That Hubert in whom they had believed !

An occurrence added to the excitement. Thursday is the post day when the papers from France arrive in Jersey. The news which they brought threw a lurid light upon Hubert. Three hundred arrests had been made in Paris. Hubert had seen Rocher of Nantes at Saint-Malo ; Rocher had been arrested. He had seen Guépin and the Mangins at Nantes ; the Mangins and Guépin had been arrested. He had seen Rioteau at Angers, and had borrowed money from him ; Rioteau was arrested. He had seen Goudchaux and Boisson at Paris ; Goudchaux and Boisson were arrested.

Facts and reminiscences came in shoals. Gaffney, one of those who to the last moment had supported Hubert, related that, in 1852, he had forwarded surreptitiously from London to Havre, a parcel containing eighty copies of *Napoleon the Little*. Hubert and an Attorney of Rouen, a refugee named Bachelet, were in his room when he closed the parcel. He made in their presence a calculation, from which it appeared that the parcel would be at his (Gaffney's) mother's house, on the day when a friend, previously notified, would come and take it away. Hubert and Bachelet went out. After their departure Gaffney rectified his calculation, and found out that the parcel would arrive at his mother's house at Havre a day earlier. He wrote accordingly to his mother and his friend. The parcel arrived and was taken away by the friend. The following day, which was the day previously fixed by Gaffney in the presence of Hubert and Bachelet, the police made a raid upon Madame Gaffney's

house with a view of finding the books which they said should have been sent to her from London.

At about ten o'clock in the evening twelve or fifteen refugees were assembled at Beauvais' house. Pierre Leroux, and a Jersey gentleman, M. Philippe Asplet, the constable's officer, were seated in a corner. Pierre Leroux conversed with M. Asplet about table-turning.

Suddenly Henry entered and told them about the false bottom in the trunk, the letter to Maupas, the arrests in France; Hayes, Gigoux, and Rondeaux confirmed his statements.

At that moment the door opened and Hubert appeared. He had come back to sleep, and as usual took his key off a nail in the common room.

"There he is," cried Hayes.

They all rushed upon Hubert.

Gigoux slapped his face, Hayes seized him by the hair, Heurtebise seized his cravat and wrung his neck, Beauvais drew his knife; Asplet held Beauvais' arm.

Beauvais told me an hour later that if it had not been for M. Asplet, Hubert would have been a dead man.

M. Asplet, in his official capacity, intervened and rescued Hubert from them. Beauvais threw away his knife; they left the spy alone. Two or three went into the corners, hid their faces into their hands and wept.

Meanwhile I had gone home.

It was close on midnight; I was going to bed. I heard a carriage stop at the door. The bell rang, and the moment afterwards Charles came into my room and said: "It is Beauvais."

I went downstairs. All the refugees had assembled in

force to pronounce sentence there and then on Hubert. They kept him in strict custody, and they had sent Beauvais to fetch me. I hesitated. To judge this man at this night sitting, this Vehmgericht of the refugees, all this seemed strange and repugnant to my habits. Beauvais insisted.

"Come," he said to me; "if you do not, I cannot answer for Hubert."

Then he added: "I cannot answer for myself. If it had not been for Asplet I should have stabbed him."

I followed Beauvais, taking with me my two sons. On the way we were joined by Calhaigne, Ribeyrolles, Frond, Lefèvre the cripple, Cauvet, and several other refugees who live at Havre-des-pas.

Midnight was striking when we reached our destination.

The room in which they were going to try Hubert is called the Refugees' Club, and is one of those large square rooms which one finds in almost all English houses. These rooms, not much appreciated by us French people, overlook the two façades of the mansion, back and front.

This one, situated on the first-floor of Beauvais' house, No. 20, Don Street, has two windows looking into an inner court, and three upon the street, opposite the great red front of the building destined for the public balls, which is here called Hôtel-de-Ville. Some of the inhabitants of the town, in a state of excitement owing to the rumors in circulation, were chatting in low tones beneath the windows. Refugees were arriving from all directions.

When I entered, they had nearly all assembled. They were distributed in the two compartments of the room, and whispered together with a grave air.

Hubert had come to see me in Brussels and in Jersey, but I had no recollection of him. When I entered I asked Heurtebise where Hubert was.

"Behind you," said Heurtebise.

I turned round and saw seated at a table with his back to the wall, near the street, beneath the centre window, having a pipe in front of him, and his hat on his head, a man of about fifty years of age, ruddy, marked with small-pox, with very white hair and a very black moustache. His eyes were steady and calm. From time to time he raised his hat and wiped his forehead with a large blue handkerchief.

His brown overcoat was buttoned to the chin. Now that it was known who he was, people thought he looked like a policeman.

People passed and repassed before him, and round him, speaking of him.

"That is the coward," said one.

"There is the ruffian," said another. He heard these remarks exchanged and seemed as indifferent to them as if they had been spoken of someone else.

Although the room was crowded by the new arrivals there was a space left near him. He was alone at the table and on that bench. Four or five refugees stood up by the window guarding him. One of them was Boni, who shows us how to ride.

The refugees were nearly all there, although the gathering had been arranged hastily in the middle of the night

when the greater number of them were in bed and asleep.

Nevertheless, the absence of one or two was commented upon. Pierre Leroux having taken part in the first collision between Hubert and the refugees, had gone away and had not returned; and of all the numerous family which they call here the Leroux tribe, Charles was the only member present. There were also absent the greater number of those whom we call the Extremists, and amongst them the author of the so-called manifesto of the Revolutionary Committee.

The commission which had conducted the enquiry was sent for. It arrived. Mathé, who had just got out of bed, seemed still half asleep.

Amongst the refugees present, one old man grown aged in conspiracy was conversant with those kinds of summary process amongst refugees in the catacombs, or free-justice meetings where mystery does not exclude solemnity, and where he more than once had pronounced terrible sentences which all sanctioned and some carried out. This old man was Cahaigne. Old in face, young in heart, his flat-nose buried in a grey beard; with white hair, a republican with the face of a Cossack, a democrat with the manners of a gentleman, a poet, a man of the world, a man of action, a fighter at barricades, a veteran in conspiracy. Cahaigne is a character.

They called on him to preside. For secretaries they gave him Jarassé, who is of the *Fraternité* Society, and Heurtebise, of the *Fraternelle* Society.

These Societies do not live fraternally together.

The sitting was opened.

A deep silence prevailed.

The room at this moment presented a strange aspect. In the two compartments, each lighted, and very feebly, by two gas jets, were arranged and grouped, seated, standing up, stooping, leaning with their elbows, on benches, chairs, stools, tables, on the window-sills, some with arms folded leaning against the wall, all pale, grave, severe, almost sinister, were the seventy refugees in Jersey. They filled the two compartments of the room, leaving only, in the compartment with the three windows looking into the street, a small space occupied by three tables, the table by the wall where Hubert sat alone, a table close by at which were Chaigne, Jarassé, and Heurtebise, and opposite a very small one, on which Rattier, the chief of the commission, had placed the documents containing the case for the prosecution. Behind this table a bright fire was burning in the grate, and was from time to time attended to by a lad. On the mantelpiece above a pipe-rack, amid a number of enormous placards emanating from the refugees, between the announcement of Charles Leroux, recommending his book-stitching establishment, and the placard of Ribot, inaugurating the hat shop of the *Chapeau rouge*, was exhibited, stuck up with some wafers, the placard calling for an investigation and "prompt justice," signed Hubert.

Here and there upon the table were glasses of brandy and pots of beer. All round the room, hung on hooks, were glazed caps, straw and felt hats. An old draught-board, the white squares of which were scarcely whiter than the black ones, hung on the wall above Hubert's head.

I was seated with Ribeyrolles and my sons in a corner near the chimney piece.

Some of the refugees were smoking, either pipes, or cigars. So that there was little light and much smoke in the room. The upper part of the windows *en guillotines* English fashion, were open to let out the smoke.

The proceedings began with the examination of Hubert. At the first words Hubert took off his cap. Cahaigne questioned him with a somewhat theatrical gravity, but whatever the tone, one felt that there was something solemn and lugubrious behind it.

Hubert gave his two Christian names, Julien Damas-cène.

Hubert had had time to regain his presence of mind. He answered precisely and without agitation. At one moment when they were speaking to him concerning his return by way of the department of the Eure, he rectified some little mistake of Cahaigne's. "Pardon me, Louviers is on the right bank and Andelys on the left." Beyond that he confessed nothing.

The examination being at an end, they proceeded to the reading of the official report of the commission, the witnesses, and the proofs.

This reading commenced amid profound silence, which was succeeded by a murmur increasing in volume by degrees as the black and odious facts were dragged to light. Low murmurs were to be heard. "Ah, the rascal, the scoundrel, why do not we strangle the black-guard on the spot?"

In the midst of this volley of imprecations the reader was obliged to raise his voice. Rattier was reading.

Mathé passed him up the sheets of paper. Beauvais held a candle for him; the tallow kept dropping on the table.

After the depositions of the witnesses had been read, Rattier announced that he had now come to a document which decided the matter. Silence was renewed, a feverish restless silence. Charles whispered to me, "You might hear a police spy moving."

Rattier read the letter from Hubert to Maupas.

So long as the letter was being read the audience contained itself, hands were clenched, some men bit their handkerchiefs.

When the last word had been read, "The signature?" cried old Fombertaux.

Rattier said, "It is signed Hubert."

Then the uproar broke out. The silence had only been caused by expectation mingled with a sort of hesitation to believe such a thing possible. Some had even doubted up till then and said, "It is impossible." When this letter appeared, written by Hubert, dated by Hubert, signed by Hubert, evidently real, indubitable, before everyone, within everyone's reach, the name of Maupas written by Hubert, conviction fell upon the assembly like a thunderbolt.

Furious faces were turned towards Hubert. Many individuals leaped upon the benches; threatening hands were raised against him. There was a frenzy of rage and grief; a terrible light filled all eyes.

Nothing was heard but cries of "Scoundrel!" "You, villain, Hubert!" "Ah, you Rue de Jerusalem rascal!"

Fombertaux, whose son is at Belle Isle, exclaimed:

"Those are the scoundrels who have betrayed us for twenty years past."

"Yes," added another, "it is thanks to such creatures as he that the young are in prison and the old in exile."

A refugee, whose name I forget, a fine, fair-haired young man, leaped upon the table, pointed to Hubert, and cried: "Citizens, death!"

"Death! Death!" shouted a chorus of voices. Hubert looked about him with a bewildered air.

The same young man continued:

"We have one of them, do not let him escape us."

One cried: "Throw him into the Seine."

At this there was an explosion of sardonic laughter.

"Do you think that you are still on the Pont Neuf?"

Then they continued: "Throw the spy into the sea, with a stone round his neck!"

"To the sea with him!" said Fombertaux.

During the turmoil Mathé had handed me Hubert's letter, and I was examining it with Ribeyrolles. It was in fact written on the second page of a private letter in a rather long neat legible hand, with some erasures, but altogether in Hubert's hand. At the bottom of this rough draft, by a sort of instinct of an illiterate man, he had signed his name in full.

Cahaigne proclaimed silence, but the tumult was indescribable. Every one spoke at the same time, and it seemed as if a single mind was hurling from sixty mouths the same curse upon the wretched man.

"Citizens," cried Cahaigne, "you are judges!"

This was sufficient. All were silent, raised hands were

lowered, and each man, folding his arms, or resting his elbow on his knee, resumed his place with gloomy dignity.

“Hubert,” said Cahaigne, “do you recognize this letter?”

Jarassé presented the letter to Hubert, who replied: “Yes.”

Cahaigne continued: “What explanation have you to give?”

Hubert was silent.

“So,” pursued Cahaigne, “you confess yourself a spy?”

Hubert raised his head, looked at Cahaigne, struck his fist upon the table, and said: “That—no!”

A murmur ran through the audience like an angry shudder. The explosion, which was only postponed, very nearly re-commenced, but as they saw that Hubert was still speaking, they kept silence.

Hubert declared, in a thick broken voice, which had, nevertheless, a certain firmness and, sad to say, sincerity in it, that he had never done any one any harm; that he was a Republican; that he would die ten thousand deaths before he would harm through his own fault a hair from the head of a Republican. That, if arrests had been made in Paris, he was innocent of them; that they had not paid sufficient attention to the first letter to the Prefect of the Eure. That, as regards the letter to Maupas, it was a draft, a project; that he had written it, but had never sent it. That they would recognize the truth too late, and would regret their action. That, as for the pamphlet “The Republic Im-

possible because of the Republicans," he had written that too, but had not published it.

They all cried : " Where is it ? "

He calmly replied : " I have burnt it. "

" Is that all you have to say ? " inquired Cahaigne.

Hubert shook his head and continued :

" He owed nothing to Melanie Simon ; those who had seen money in his possession were mistaken. The citizen Rattier was mistaken ; he (Hubert) had never been in the shop of the tobacconist Hurel. His passports were a very simple matter ; being amnestied he had a right to them. He had paid back the 50 francs to Rioteau of Angers ; he was an honest man ; he had never had a bank note. The money he had expended he had received from the woman, about 160 francs in all. He had met citizen Boisson in Paris at a twenty-two sou restaurant. This was how he knew his address. If he had intended to bring the refugees to Paris, it was with a view to overturn ' Badinguet,' not to betray his friends. If the gendarmes had allowed him to move about freely in France it was not his fault. Finally, there was an understanding amongst some of them to ruin him, and all were ' victims ' of it. "

He repeated two or three times, without their being able to understand to what the phrase referred—" The carpenter who made the false bottom is here to confirm this. "

" Is that all ? " said Cahaigne again.

" Yes, " he said.

This word was received with a shudder. They had heard the explanation, but it had explained nothing.

" Take care, " continued Cahaigne. " You yourself

have said we can judge you; we do judge you; we can condemn you."

"And execute you," cried a voice.

"Hubert," continued Calhaigne, "you risk all the dangers of punishment. Who knows what will happen to you? Take care! Disarm your judges by candid confession. Our friends are in the hands of Bonaparte, but you are in ours. Tell the facts clearly to us. Aid us to save our friends, or you are lost. Speak."

"It is you," said Hubert, raising his head, "it is you who ruin 'our friends' in Paris by speaking their names as loudly as you do in a gathering (and he looked round him) in which there are evidently spies. I have nothing more to say."

Then the uproar was renewed, and with such fury that it was feared some would pass from words to acts.

The cries of "Death!" again arose from a number of angry mouths.

There was in the assemblage a shoemaker of Niort, a former artillery subaltern named Guay, a fanatical Communist, but an excellent and honest workman nevertheless; a man with a long black beard, a pale face, rather sunken eyes and slow speech, of grave and resolute demeanour. He rose and said:

"Citizens, it seems that you wish to condemn Hubert to death. That surprises me. You forget that we are in a country which has laws. Those laws we must not violate; we must not attempt anything contrary to them. Nevertheless Hubert must be punished, both for the past and for the future, and he must have an ineffaceable stigma put upon him. So, as we must do nothing unlaw-

ful, this is what I propose.* We will take Hubert and shave his hair and beard, and as hair will grow again we will cut a centimetre of his right ear off. Ears do not grow again."

This proposal, enunciated in the gravest tone and with an air of perfect conviction, was received in that lugubrious assembly with a shout of laughter which continued for some time, and which added another horror to the dread realities of the scene.

Near Guay, at the entrance to the other compartment of the room, beside Doctor Barbier, was seated a refugee named Avias. Avias, a subaltern in the army of Oudinot, had deserted before Rome, not wishing, as a republican, to overturn a Republic. He was caught, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. He succeeded in making his escape the day before the execution was to have taken place. He took refuge in Piedmont. On the 2nd December he crossed the frontier and joined the republicans of the Var in arms against the *coup d'état*. In an engagement a bullet shattered his ankle. His friends carried him out of action with great difficulty, and his foot was amputated. Expelled from Piedmont he went to England, and thence to Jersey. When he arrived he came to see me. Some friends and myself assisted him, and he ended by setting up as a dyer and scourer, and so lived.

Avias seemed to have been well acquainted with Hubert. While the extracts were being read he continued to cry: "Ah, rascal! ah, j—— f——! To think that he told me Louis Blanc was a traitor; Victor Hugo was a traitor; Ledru-Rollin was a traitor!"

When Guay sat down, Avias rose and stood on his bench, then on a table.

Avias is a man of 30 years of age, tall, with a wide red face, projecting temples, goggle eyes, a large mouth, and a Provençal accent. With his furious eyes, his hands discoloured by dye, his foot beating time on the table—nothing more savage could be conceived than this giant with his harsh voice, and his head nearly touching the ceiling.

He exclaimed: "Citizens! none of this: let us put an end to it. Let us draw lots who is to give this traitor his *coup de grâce*. If no one will, then I will volunteer."

A shout of assent arose: "Ah! all!"

A small young man with a fair beard who was seated in front of me said: "I will undertake it. The spy's business will be settled to-morrow morning."

"No," said another, in the opposite corner. "There are four of us here who will undertake it."

"Yes," added Fombertaux, holding out his fist close to Hubert's head. "Justice upon that rascal: death!"

Not a dissenting voice was raised. Hubert himself, terrified, bent his head and seemed to say: "It is just."

Lrose.

"Citizens," I said, "in a man whom you have fed, supported, and made friends with, you have found a traitor. In a man you have accepted as a brother you find a spy. This man is still wearing a coat you bought for him, and the shoes with which you provided him. You are tremulous with indignation and sorrow. This indignation I share, this sorrow I can appreciate. But take care. What mean these shouts for death? There

are two beings in Hubert—a spy and a man. The spy is infamous, the man is sacred.”

Here a voice interrupted me, the voice of a worthy fellow named Cauvet, who is rich and sometimes tipsy, and who, because he is a follower of Ledru-Rollin, thinks he must be a fanatic for the guillotine. A deep silence supervened. Cauvet said, in an undertone: “Ah, yes! that’s it: always for leniency.”

“Yes,” said I, “leniency. Energy on one side, leniency on the other. Those are the arms which I wish to place in the hands of the Republic.”

I resumed:

“Citizens, do you know what belongs to you in Hubert? The spy, yes! the man, no! The spy is yours: the honour of the traitor, the name of the traitor, his moral being, you have the right to do as you please with them: you have the right to crush them, to tear them out, to tread them under foot—yes, you have the right to tear the name of Hubert to pieces, and to scrape up the hideous fragments in the mud. But do you know what you have no right to touch?—not a hair of his head.”

I felt the hand of Ribeyrolles pressing mine. I continued:

“What Messrs. Hubert and Maupas have tried to do here is monstrous. To secure the support of a spy out of your poor needy funds; to mix together in the same pocket the bank-note of the police and the brotherly pence of the refugee; to throw our alms in our eyes to blind us; to arrest the men who serve us in France through the man we feed in Jersey; to pursue the proscribed in ambush; not to leave even the exile in

peace; to attach the thread of an infamous plot to the holiest fibres of our hearts; to betray us and rob us at the same time; to pick our pockets and sell us;—that is the pie in which we find the fingers of the Imperial police.

“What have we to do? Publish the facts! Take France, Europe, the public conscience, universal honesty to witness. Say to the whole world, It is infamous! However sad the discovery may be, the opportunity is a good one. In this business the moral advantage lies with the proscribed, with the democracy, with the Republic. The situation is excellent. Do not let us spoil it!

“Do you know how we may spoil it? By misconceiving our rights, and behaving like the Venetians of the sixteenth century, instead of like Frenchmen of the nineteenth: by acting like the Council of Ten—by killing a man.

“In principle let us have no death penalty either for a spy or for a parricide. In fact, it is absurd!

“Touch this man, wound him, only beat him, and to-morrow the opinion that is with you will be against you. The English law will arrest you. From judges you will become the accused! M. Hubert disappears, M. Maupas disappears, and what remains? You proscribed Frenchmen before a British jury.

“And instead of saying, ‘Look at the baseness of that police,’ they will say, ‘Look at the brutality of those demagogues.’

“Citizens,” I added, extending my arms towards Hubert, “I take this man under my protection—not for the man’s sake, but for the Republic. I oppose any-

one who will do him harm now or in future, here or elsewhere. I sum up your rights in a word: Publish—do not kill! Punishment by publicity, not by violence. A deed in open day, not by night. Hubert's life! Heavens, what is it worth? What can you do with the life of a spy! I declare no one shall touch Hubert, no one shall ill-treat him. To poignard M. Hubert would be to degrade the poignard. To whip M. Hubert would only sully the whip."

These words, which I reproduce from memory, were listened to with profound attention and gained increasing support every moment. When I sat down again, the question was decided. "To tell the truth, I did not think Hubert was in any danger during the sitting, but the morrow might have been fatal."

When I seated myself I distinctly heard a refugee behind me named Fillion, who had escaped from Africa, say, "That is it. The spy is saved. We should have acted instead of talking. This will be a lesson to us not to gossip."

These words were drowned in a general cry of "No violence. Publish the facts, appeal to public opinion, hold the police and Hubert up to execration; that is what we'll do."

Claude Durand, Berlier, Rattier, Ribeyrolles, Cahaigne congratulated me warmly. Hubert looked at me with a mournful gaze. The sitting had been as it were suspended after my speech. The refugees of the school called terrorist looked at me angrily.

Fillion came up to me and said, "You are right. From the moment deliberation took place nothing could

be done. Is it necessary when you execute a traitor to proclaim the fact from the house tops? We are sixty here, fifty-six too many. Four would suffice. In Africa we had a similar case. We discovered that a man named Auguste Thomas was a member of the police force, although a former Republican and in every plot for the past twenty years. We had proofs of the facts, one day, at nine o'clock in the evening. The next day the man disappeared, without anyone knowing what had become of him. That is the way these things should be managed."

As I was about to reply to Fillion the business was resumed. Cahaigne raised his voice and said:

"Be seated, citizens. You have heard Citizen Victor Hugo. What he proposes is moral punishment."

"Yes, yes. Hear," exclaimed a multitude of voices.

Cauvet, the man who had interrupted me, moved uncomfortably upon the table on which he was seated.

"A nice thing forsooth—a moral punishment, and you are going to let the man go! To-morrow he will go to France to denounce and betray all our friends. We ought to kill the scoundrel!"

This was one great objection. Hubert at liberty was dangerous.

Beauvais interfered.

"There is no need to kill him, and you need not let him go. I have kept Hubert since April, and lodged him for almost nothing. I was willing to help a refugee, but not to feed a spy. Now M. de Maupas must pay me M. Hubert's expenses. They come to eighty-three francs. To-morrow morning M. Asplet will collar M. Hubert and

put him into prison for debt—at least unless he produces the bank notes which Made Maupas gave him. I shall be glad to see them.”

There was laughter at this. Beauvais had in fact settled the question.

“Yes,” said Vincent, “but he will be off to-morrow morning.”

“We will guard him,” said Boni.

“Search him,” cried Fombertaux.

“Yes, yes; search the spy.”

A number of men rushed towards Hubert.

“You have neither the right to guard him nor to search him. To guard him is to curtail his liberty, to search him is to assault him,” I said.

The searching moreover was foolish. It was evident that Hubert, since the investigation, had nothing compromising about him.

Hubert exclaimed, “Let them search me—I consent to it.”

There was nothing astounding in this.

“He consents,” they cried. “He consents. Let us search him.”

I stopped them, and asked Hubert :

“Do you consent?”

“Yes.”

“You must give your consent in writing.”

“I am quite willing.”

Jarassé wrote out the consent, and Hubert signed it. Meantime he was being searched, for they had not the patience to wait for the signature.

His pockets were emptied and turned out. Nothing

was found, except a few coppers, his large handkerchief, and a piece of the *Jersey Chronicle*.

"The shoes—search his shoes!"

Hubert pulled off his shoes and put them on the table.

There was nothing in them, he said, but the feet of a Republican.

Cahaigne then spoke. He returned to my proposal, and had it carried. No hand was held up against it.

While the proposal was being signed, Hubert had put on his shoes and his hat, he had taken up his pipe, and seemed as if he wanted someone to give him a light.

At this moment Cauvet approached him, and said in a low voice:

"Would you like a pistol?"

Hubert made no answer.

"Would you like a pistol?" repeated Cauvet.

Hubert kept silence. Cauvet began again:

"I have a pistol at home—a good one. Will you have it?"

Hubert shrugged his shoulders, and pushed the table with his elbow.

"Will you?" said Cauvet.

"Leave me alone," said Hubert.

"You don't want my pistol?"

"No."

"Then shake hands."

And Cauvet, quite drunk, held out his hand to Hubert, who did not take it.

Meanwhile I was speaking to Cahaigne, who said to me:

"You have done well to put them off, but I am afraid that to-morrow two or three like Avias will become angry once more, and that they will kill him in some dark spot."

I had not signed the deposition. All had signed except me.

Heurtebise handed me the pen.

"I will sign in three days," I said.

"Why?" asked several.

"Because I am afraid some rash act may be committed. I will sign in three days' time, when I shall be sure that the threats he've not been carried out, and that no harm has come to Hubert."

A shout arose on all sides :

"Sign, sign ; we will not harm him."

"You will guarantee it?"

"We promise you."

I signed.

Half an hour after I reached home ; it was six o'clock in the morning. The sea-breeze whistled about the Rocher des Proscrits. The first rays of dawn were lighting up the sky. Some little silver clouds played amid the stars.

At that same hour M. Asplet, at the instance of Beauvais, arrested Hubert, and put him in prison for debt.

On the morning of the 21st October, about six o'clock, a man named Laurent, who assumes the rank of French Vice-Consul here, called at Mr. Asplet's house. He came, he said, to claim a Frenchman illegally imprisoned.

"For debt," replied M. Asplet. He then produced the order of arrest signed by the Deputy-Viscount M. Horman.

"Will you pay the amount?" said M. Asplet.

The Consul hung down his head, and went away.

It seems to be Hubert's destiny to be fed at the expense of the refugees. At this moment they are keeping him in his prison at an expense of sixpence (13 sous) a day.

Looking over my papers I found a letter from Hubert. There is in this letter a sad phrase: "Hunger is a bad counsellor!"

Hubert has known hunger.

1855.

TAPNER.

GUERNSEY, 6—12th December.

M. MARTIN, the Queen's Provost in Guernsey, came to see me on my arrival. I returned his visit on the 5th December, 1855. He offered to accompany me to the prison, which I wished to see.

We went by way of the streets which rise behind the Royal Court. While strolling about Saint Peter's Port, I had already noticed in the town—mid-way—a high wall in which was a high gate with a G with a crown carved in the granite on the top of it. I said to myself: "That must be the prison." So in fact it was.

The gaoler received us. He is named Barbet, so that the Guernsey thieves call the prison the Hôtel Barbet. This man had the same frank, firm, face, the same pleasant and determined manner, which I had already remarked in many other gaolers. His wife and daughter were preparing soup in the corner.

Barbet took a heavy key, opened a barred door, and introduced us into a vast empty court, bounded on three sides by the high wall which had already attracted my attention. On the south of the court rises a new

building of grey granite, the two-storied front of which is composed of two rows of seven arches on top of each other. Beneath the arches are the windows. Through the glass we perceive the heavy bars painted white. That is the prison, and those are the cells.

"Guernsey is an honest island," said the Provost—a distinguished and intelligent man—a nonconformist, of the Independent sect, as Cromwell and Milton were. And he added: "We have at present only three prisoners, two men and a woman, out of a population of 40,000."

One of the prisoners entered the court at that moment. He was a young man with a pleasing face, sentenced to ten years at Botany Bay for robbery. He was dressed in linen trousers, a small blue overcoat, and a cap.

The Provost, who is also called the sheriff, and who in this capacity is governor of the prison, and accompanies the condemned to the scaffold—a circumstance which makes him averse to capital punishment—explained to me that the young man would not be transported, and that he would get off with two or three years' solitary confinement.

The English "cellular prison," imbued and penetrated by the freezing spirit of Anglican Protestantism, proves that severity and callousness can be carried to a ferocious pitch. In one of the prisons, Millbank, I think, silence is imposed. The sheriff told me that, when visiting that prison he found in a cell a young man from Guernsey whom he knew, and who had been convicted of theft. The young man was in a consumption and was dying. When he saw the Provost, he clasped his hands and exclaimed:

“ Ah, Monsieur, is my grandmother still alive ? ”

The Provost had scarcely time to reply, when the gaoler said to the dying man : “ Hold your tongue ! ”

The young man died soon after. He passed from the prison to the tomb : from one silence to the other, and can hardly have perceived the change.

Beneath the seven arcades on the ground floor are the debtors' cells. We entered them. They were unoccupied. A wooden bed, a palliasse, and a rug, are all the prison authorities give to a debtor. The last debtor imprisoned was a Guernsey man, whose name has escaped me. He was put there by his wife, who kept him there ten years, gaining her own liberty by his imprisonment. At the end of ten years the husband paid his wife and got out. They lived together again, and the Provost says they are a very happy couple.

There was, I repeat, no prisoner for debt there at the time.

This prison is a silent tribute to the Guernsey population. It contains twelve cells, six for debtors, six for ordinary offenders, besides two punishment cells. There are also for the women two cells only, of which one is a punishment cell.

One of the seven chambers on the ground floor is the chapel, a small room without an altar, having a wooden pulpit for the chaplain in the left corner, and in front of the door, with their backs to the window, four or five wooden benches with desks, upon which are scattered a few prayer-books.

It is on the first floor that the criminals are imprisoned. We went upstairs. The gaoler opened a well-

lighted cell, furnished only with a wooden bed. At the foot of the bed, the clothes were rolled up, and the blankets, like the counterpanes, were of coarse wool, only they seemed to me to be knitted. The palliasse had been removed, so that one could see the wooden frame of the bedstead, on which a number of names and inscriptions had been cut and scratched with knives or nails. These formed a forest of almost obliterated letters. We distinguished amongst others the following words, which were more legible than the others :

WAR.

HISTORY.

• CAIN.

Is not all crime included in those words ? In a corner of the frame were some rudely-sketched ships in outline. • The cell behind this is a punishment cell. There is only a plank bed in it, and a small window opening to the north. The last occupant had marked in black on the wall a species of labyrinth, which made the gaoler very angry. He had had the whiteness of his sepulchre made black in consequence.

All the cells are whitewashed.

The row of arcades in front of the cells form a sort of gallery, open to the air and southern sun, where the prisoners take exercise in wet weather.

There is in this gallery an old dilapidated bedstead, on which they mount, and from which they can see the sea. "This is a great treat for them," said the gaoler. I stood upon the bedstead. I could see the island of Sark, and

vessels on the horizon. I was desirous of visiting Tapner's cell. The sheriff conducted me to it.

This cell and the punishment cell near it make up the women's quarters of the prison.

From the court facing the prison it can be seen that the first of the seven upper arcades to the left is barred towards the court and walled up towards the gallery. The small space between the railing and the wall was the special yard of Tapner. There he paced backwards and forwards all day like a wild beast in a cage, in view of the other prisoners, but separated from them. The window looking into this cage is the window of his cell.

The door is thick, painted black, and bound with iron. Two great bolts above and below, and a lock mid-way.

The gaoler opened this door, and let us in.

The cell, of the same dimensions as the others, about ten feet square, is clean, white, and well-lighted; a chimney-piece at the end in the left-hand corner of which the angle is cut off, a bucket, a wooden ledge fixed to the wall facing the door; on the right of the door under the window a wooden bedstead, of which one of the four posts is broken. On the bed a palliasse, a rug, and coarse woollen blankets.

This pallet was Tapner's bed. After the death of Tapner, this cell was given up once more to the women to whose quarters, with the other room I have mentioned, it belongs.

No fire may be lighted in the grate without the doctor's orders.

At the moment we entered a woman was sitting, or

rather crouching, upon the bed, with her back to the door. I took my hat off. Mr. Tyrrel, a young English painter, who accompanied me, did the same.

This woman, the only prisoner at that time, was—so the sheriff told me—a thief, and an Irishwoman into the bargain, added the gaoler. She was a youngish woman, and kept on darning an old stocking, without appearing even to see us.

This woman, in whom the last remains of curiosity were extinct, seemed to personify the gloomy indifference of misery.

Tapner spent his dying moments in this cold, white, clear cell.

This John Charles Tapner, a gentlemanly kind of man who held a Government appointment, derived no benefit from the education which it had been sought to give him, and had become a thief and a murderer through debauchery, wine, and gin. He was born of an honest family and a religious father, at Woolwich, in 1823. He died before he was 31, on the 10th February, 1854.

He lived with two sisters, married to one, the paramour of the other. He had insured his life to the full amount of his salary, £150 sterling, which absorbed all his income, and seemed to indicate a determination to live by crime. The assurance was in his wife's name and his own for the benefit of the survivor.

I asked: "Did the Company pay it?"

"Oh!—no," replied the sheriff.

"Has it refunded, or given to the poor, the annual premiums which it received from Tapner?"

"Oh no."

Under the virtuous pretext that there had been a crime, the Company robbed the widow.

"Tapner appeared indifferent," said the Provost, and the Provost concluded therefore that he was not in pain. "That is a mistake," I said. "Do you not believe people are not cold under ice?"

The day before his death a daguerreotype portrait of him was taken. The apparatus was placed in the railed yard opening out of his cell, where there was plenty of sunlight. Tapner could not help laughing as he stood to be taken. The death's head, too, appears to laugh.

"Do not laugh," said the Provost to him; "keep serious. Your portrait will be unrecognizable. You cannot laugh to-day; it is not possible."

It was so far possible that he was laughing."

One day the Provost lent him a prayer-book. "Read this, Tapner," said he, "if you are guilty." "I am not guilty," replied Tapner. "In any case," replied the Provost, "you are a sinner, as we all are. You have not served God. Read this book." Tapner took it, and when the Provost entered the cell an hour later he found him, book in hand, bursting into tears.

"His last interview with his wife was heartrending," said the Provost. "Nevertheless this woman was aware of his intrigue with her sister. But who can fathom all the mysteries of forgiveness?"

The night before my visit to the prison, Mr. Pearce, one of the two chaplains who had attended Tapner on the day of his death, came to see me at Hauteville House with the Provost. I asked Mr. Pearce—a very venerable and dignified gentleman:

"Did Tapner know that I was interested in him?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Pearce. "He was very much touched by your intervention, and very grateful for it, and he particularly asked that you might be thanked on his behalf."

I note as a characteristic detail of the liberty of the English Press that at the time of Tapner's execution all the newspapers in the island having more or less demanded it, and being very much shocked by my letter to Lord Palmerston, agreed to pass over in silence the circumstances which Mr. Pearce revealed to me. They seemed to want to make it appear that the condemned man himself was on the side of the gallows, and if I had liked, I might have believed that Tapner was angry with me.

"There is," said the Provost to me, "another thing of which you are ignorant, and which was also passed over in silence. You think you completely failed in your intervention, and nevertheless you have gained an enormous victory, of which you have no idea. This island is like the whole of England, a country of tradition. What has been done yesterday, must be done to-day, to be done again to-morrow. Now, tradition ordained that the condemned man should go to the gallows with a rope round his neck. Tradition ordained that the gallows should be erected on the beach, and that the condemned to reach it should march through the most public thoroughfares of the town, the College quarters, the High Street, and the Esplanade. On the occasion of the last execution, twenty-five years ago, it had been so

arranged. So of course it must take place in the same way with Tapner. After your letter they did not dare to do it. They said, let us hang the man, but in secret. They were ashamed. You did not tie the hands of capital punishment, but you made it blush. They gave up the cord round the neck, the gibbet on the beach, the procession through the streets and the crowd. It was decided that Tapner should be hanged in private in the prison garden. Nevertheless the law willed that the execution should be in public, and the matter was arranged by my signing tickets of admission for 200 people. Feeling the same distress as they, and more, I agreed to all they decided upon. I signed tickets for those who wanted them. Nevertheless a difficulty presented itself—the garden adjoining the prison is separated from it by the same wall as that of the yard. The door of this garden is in College Street—to reach this door it was necessary for the condemned man to leave the prison and walk about 100 paces in public. They did not dare to have this done, so to avoid it they made a hole in the wall and let Tapner pass through it. Decency begins to manifest itself.”

I do not reproduce here the exact words of the sheriff, but the exact meaning.

“Well,” said I, “show me this garden.”

“The breach is closed, the wall is re-built; I will take you round by the street.”

At the moment of leaving the prison the gaoler brought me some of the soup which is supplied to the prisoners, and inviting me to taste it, handed to me a large and very clean tin spoon. I tasted the soup, which is good and

wholesome. The bread is excellent. I compared it in my mind to the horrible bread of the French prisons which they showed me at the Conciergerie, and which is earthy, clammy, and fetid; often full of worms, and mouldy.

It was raining; the weather was grey and lowering.

It was not really more than a hundred paces from the prison to the entrance of the garden. We turned to the left, up College Street, along the high dark wall. All at once, the Provost stopped in front of a rather low door. On the panels of the door, which leads to the place where this man, ruined through drunkenness and the want of education, met his death, there are several strips of old bills—yellow, white, green—relating to all kinds of things, on which the rain which effaced them, and the weather which had torn them to pieces, had only left two words distinguishable—UNIVERSAL EDUCATION—TEMPERANCE.

The Provost had a great key in his hand and unlocked the door, which probably had not been opened since the day of the last execution, and which grated noisily on its hinges. We entered.

The Provost shut the door behind us. We found ourselves in a narrow square space, shut in on three sides by high walls, and opening on the fourth side on a steep staircase, which was dark though in the open air. Opposite the staircase, the Provost pointed out to me the repaired breach in the wall. Through that breach Tapner had passed; the staircase was the first ladder to the gallows. He had mounted it. We mounted it. I do not know why I counted the steps at that moment; there were fourteen of them. This staircase leads to an

oblong and narrow garden, overlooked by another, which forms a terrace. We reach this by seven granite steps like the fourteen we have already traversed.

At the top of these seven steps we are in full view of a bare enclosed space, a hundred feet square, surrounded by low walls intersected by two transverse avenues, which form a cross in the centre. "This is what they call the garden. Here Tapner was hanged.

The December sleet continued to fall; a few briars rustled in the wind. There were no flowers or verdure in the garden, but only one little, thin, stunted fruit-tree at one of the four corners formed by the intersection of the walks. The whole appearance was heartrending. It was one of those sad places which are made melancholy by the sun and gloomy by the rain.

This garden does not belong to any house. It is nobody's garden, except that of the spectre which has been left there; it is deserted, abandoned, uncultivated, tragic. Other gardens surround and isolate it. It has no connexion with the town, with life, with men—except through the prison. The houses in the low-lying streets which surround it are visible afar off, and present the appearance of scared faces looking over the wall into this ill-omened place.

Seeing on one side a sort of little walk, low, narrow, long, and rather deep, on which abutted the first fourteen steps, and on the other this funereal garden, intersected by those two transversal alleys, it was impossible not to think of a grave by the side of which had been spread out the funeral drapery cloth with the cross.

We had on our right a wall which is the top of the

great wall in which the gate is let in, and of which one sees the back from the street. A walk lower than the rest of the garden skirts this wall. A range of thick rusty tenter-hooks, and of long, thin sticks, silvered and polished by the frost, were fixed vertically to the wall at distances of six to eight paces, indicating that formerly there had been an espalier here. It has now disappeared, and nothing of the sticks is left but a sort of skeleton.

A few paces further, we reach a flight of three steps, which leads from the garden to the walk. Here we notice more sticks in the wall. They reappear again a little farther on, leaving a space of fifteen feet unoccupied.

Here the Provost stopped in silence. I saw that the sticks were wanting, and I understood. This was where the scaffold had been erected. Looking up, one sees nothing except the broken glass upon the wall, and the round tower of the neighbouring church, painted yellow and grey.

The scaffold was erected here. Tapner turned to the left, took the middle walk, and reached, by one of the arms of the cross formed by the walks, the steps of the gallows placed immediately above the three steps I have mentioned. He mounted on the platform, and thence, while he was saying his last prayers, he could see the sea-birds flying in the distance; the pale clouds of February, the ocean, immensity yonder; and at the same time, by the opening in his mind at that dark hour, he could perceive the mystery, the unknown future, the escarpments of the tomb—God, infinity above.

The gallows was composed of two supports and a cross

bar; in the centre of this bar, a rope with a knot at the end hung over a closed trap-door. On this trap, the snare of the law, Tapner was placed, and remained standing while the noose was adjusted round his neck. From the street behind the wall, from the College garden at the other side of the street, could be seen the supports of the gallows, the cord, the knot, and the back of the condemned man until the trap-door was opened and he fell. Then he disappeared from the view of the spectators outside.

From the interior of the garden, and from the houses of which I have already spoken, could be seen the rest.

The punishment was that frightful thing which I had described in my letter to Lord Palmerston. The Provost recalled it to my mind, and confirmed all the details. He considered I had rather attenuated than exaggerated them.

At the moment when Tapner fell, the cord tightened, and he remained fifteen or twenty seconds motionless, and as if he were dead. The Queen's representative, the chaplains, the magistrates, believing that it was all over, or fancying that it had not begun, hurried away, the Provost told me, and the Provost remained alone with the criminal, the executioner, and the sight-seers. I described the agony of the unhappy wretch, and how the executioner had to drag him down by the feet.

Tapner being dead, and the law satisfied, superstition now asserted itself; it never fails to come to the rendezvous given to it by the gallows. Epileptics came, and could not be prevented from seizing the convulsive hand of the dead man and passing it frantically over their faces. The

dead man was cut down in an hour, and then there was a rush to pillage the rope. All present sprang forward, and each one claimed a piece; but the sheriff took it and threw it in the fire.

When it was burned, some men came and collected the ashes.

The wall against which the gallows was erected supported a hut, which occupied the south-east angle of the garden; this is where the corpse was taken. They made ready a table, and a plasterer whom they found there made a cast of the man's face. The visage, violently deformed by strangulation, had resumed its natural appearance, and bore the expression of sleep. The rope being removed, calmness returned. It appears as if death, even after capital punishment, always wishes to be serene, and as if its last word is always peace.

I went to this hovel; the door was open; it was a miserable cell, scarcely plastered, which served as a garden shed. Some tools were hung upon the wall. This apartment was lighted by a window opening into the garden, and by another looking into the street, which had been closed up when Tapner was brought there, and had not since been re-opened. With the exception of the table, which had disappeared, the place was the same as when the corpse had been there. The closed window was then closed; the shutter which had been put up by the hangman remained shut. In front of this window was a piece of furniture, full of little drawers, some of which were missing. On this, beside a broken bottle and some dried flowers, stood one of these drawers full of plaster. It was the same plaster which had been used.

I opened at hazard another drawer, and found more plaster, with the imprints of fingers. The floor was littered with discoloured grass and dead leaves. A net was thrown into a corner on a heap of dust. Near the door, in an angle of a wall, was a shovel, the gardener's shovel probably, or the gravedigger's.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the body being nearly cold, the sheriff put Tapner in the coffin. They did not bury him. They did not go to the expense of a winding-sheet; they simply nailed him down with his clothes on. In Guernsey, the clothes of the deceased are his own property, not, as in London, the hangman's perquisite. At nightfall, ten or twelve persons only being present, they carried the coffin to the cemetery, where a grave had been dug in the morning.

"You must see everything," said the Provost; so we went out, and I followed him. We plunged into the poor thoroughfares, and arrived in a narrow, steep, angular street lined with hovels, at the corner of which I read, *Lemarchand Street*. The Provost left me, went down a dark alley, and came back with the key, which seemed larger than the key of the garden. An instant after we were in front of a great folding door.

My conductor opened this door, and we found ourselves in a sort of dark and lofty shed.

"Look up," said the Provost; "you have before you the gallows of Beasse."

This Béasse, who was hanged in 1830, was a Frenchman; he had been as a subaltern through the Spanish war of 1823 under the Duke d'Angoulême; then, becoming rich through a legacy or some other means, he retired to

Guernsey. There, with his income of 15,000 francs, he was a gentleman. He bought a fine house, and became a grandee. In the evening he played cards with the magistrate, M. Daniel Le Brocq.

When any one went to see Béasse he sometimes found a man working in his garden planting cuttings, grafting, destroying the caterpillars on the trees, straightening the espaliers. This gardener was the hangman. The hangman of Guernsey was a skilful horticulturist and shunned by all; man being unfriendly to him, he turned to Nature, and was no less skilful in the garden than on the gallows. Béasse, having no prejudices, employed him.

Béasse was therefore looked on with favour on account of his pounds, even by the haughty aristocracy of Guernsey, even by the *forty* and the *sixty*.

One day it was noticed that his servant was about to have a child. Then the symptom disappeared. What had become of the child? The neighbours were aroused; rumours were circulated. The police paid Béasse a visit; two constables came with a doctor. The doctor saw the servant, who was in bed; then the constables said to Béasse: "The woman has been confined. There was a child; we must find it." Béasse, who up to that moment had declared he did not know what they wanted, took a shovel, went into a corner of his garden, and began to dig furiously. One of the constables, thinking that he wished to give a blow with the spade to something which was buried, and afterwards pass the mark off as an accidental wound, took the spade himself and continued to dig more carefully. In a moment or so the child was

discovered. The poor little thing had one larding-pin buried in its mouth and another at the other end of the body. Béasse denied that he was the father of the child. He was tried, condemned to be hanged, and it was his friend the magistrate, Daniel Le Brocq, who read out to him his sentence of death.

His property was confiscated.

The Provost, after relating this horrible story, said: "Béasse was deficient in coolness. By going himself to dig up the ground where the body was, he ruined himself. He could easily have saved himself. He had only to say, 'The child was dead. I gave it to be buried to a beggar who was passing, and to whom I gave a louis. I don't know who he is, and I should not know him again.' No one could have proved the contrary. No one would have known what had become of the child, and he could not have been condemned, Guernsey being still ruled by the Norman custom, which insists on material proof—*corpus delicti*—before condemnation.

The Provost asked me: "Would you have maintained the inviolability of human life for Béasse as you did for Tapner?" "Unquestionably," I said. "This Tapner and this Béasse are scoundrels, but principles never assert their grandeur and beauty so well as when they defend those whom even pity does not defend."

At the time when Béasse was convicted, the Revolution of 1830 broke out. He then said to the same Mr. Martin now Provost: "I would rather be in France to be shot than in Guernsey to be hanged."

Here is a detail. The magistrate was a friend of his, and had to pronounce sentence on him; his gardener was

the hangman who executed him. The magistrate did not hesitate. But behind the gardener there was a man. Perhaps the gardener had lost the art of hanging. Perhaps his hands, after training roses and lilies, were incapable of making nooses. Perhaps quite honestly, this legalised slayer was kinder than the law, and was disinclined to stretch the neck of the man whose bread he had eaten. At any rate, the day after the sentence the hangman of Guernsey disappeared. He escaped in some smuggling cutter, and left Saint Peter's. They sought for him. They searched the island; but he never returned.

The matter had to be considered.

A man, an Englishman, was in prison for some offence or other. They offered him a pardon if he would become the executioner, and hang Béasse to begin with. Men call that a pardon. The prisoner accepted. Justice breathed again. It had foreseen the time when its death's-head would no longer have anything to devour, not that the upper jaw, the judge, would have failed, but because the lower jaw, the hangman, had disappeared.

The day of execution arrived.

Béasse was led to the gallows with the rope round his neck, through the streets on to the beach. He was the last who was subjected to this ceremonial of the gallows. On the scaffold, at the moment when the dreadful white cap was being pulled over his eyes, he turned towards the crowd, and as if he wished to leave a painful impression behind him, he threw at the spectators this phrase, which might be uttered by a criminal as well as by an innocent man: "*It is only crime that dishonours!*"

It was some time before the platform fell. It had no trap-door, and had to fall down entire. It was fastened to the planks at the extremities of the scaffold by cords which had to be cut on one side in order that it might disappear while remaining suspended on the other. The hangman, the pardoned prisoner, the same inexperienced wretch who, 35 years later, kanged Tapner, took an axe and cut the cord; but as he was nervous, he was a long time about it. The crowd murmured, and did not think of saving the culprit, though they nearly stoned the hangman.

I had this scaffold over my head.

I looked up as the Provost requested me to do.

The hut in which we were had a pointed roof, of which the woodwork inside was bare. Upon the beams of this roof, and immediately over our heads, were placed two long joists, which had been the supports of Béasse's gibbet. At the upper end of these could be seen the holes in which the cross-bar had been inserted, to which the cord was fastened. This bar had been taken out, and was lying with the joists. Towards the centre of these joist beams were nailed two wooden knobs, the projecting parts of which had served to support the platform of the gallows. These two beams, supported by the timber-work of the roof, themselves supported a massive, long, narrow plank, from the ends of which hung some ropes. This plank was the platform of the gibbet, and those cords were the same which the hangman had been so long cutting. Behind, could be perceived a kind of step-ladder, with flat wooden steps, lying near the platform. Béasse had ascended this. All this hideous.

machine—supports, cross-beams, platform, ladder—was painted iron-grey, and seemed to have been used more than once. Rope marks could be seen on the beams here and there; two or three long ladders of ordinary make were leaning against the wall.

Near these ladders, in the left-hand corner from where we stood, the Provost showed me a kind of wooden lattice composed of a number of disused templets.

“What is that?” I asked him. “One would say it is a cage.”—“It is a cage; it is the pillory,” he replied. “It is fifteen or twenty years since they used to put that up in the market-place and expose criminals in it. It is now out of date.”

Like the gallows of Béasse, this cage was painted a dark grey. Formerly, the cage was of iron, then it was made of wood and painted to look like iron, then it was done away with. That is, and will continue to be, the history of all the old penal systems.

Dust and darkness now cover this apparatus of terror. It rots in one of the dark corners of oblivion. Spiders have found this pillory cage a good place to spin their webs in and to catch flies.

The platform of the old gibbet having acted badly for Béasse, a new one was built expressly for Tapner. They adopted the English system of the trap, which opens under the victim. “An officer of the garrison invented for the opening of this trap a very ingenious contrivance,” said the Provost, “and it was made use of.”

I had come back to the scaffold of Béasse. Looking again at one of the ends of the cord, I could see the

grooves which the axe in the trembling hands of the hangman had made.

"Now, sir," said the Provost, "turn round."

He pointed out in the other compartment of the shed, also in the beams of the roof, a quantity of woodwork of the ruddy hue of the fir-tree. This was like a bundle of planks and beams thrown pell mell together, amongst which one could distinguish a long and heavy ladder with flat steps like the other, which appeared to me enormous. They were all clean, new, fresh and forbidding. It was the scaffold of Tapner.

It had not been thought necessary to paint it an iron colour. One could see the beams, one could distinguish the crossbeam, one could count the planks of the platform and the steps of the ladder. I was considering from the same point of view the ladder which had borne Béasse and the ladder which Tapner had mounted. I could not keep my eyes off those steps, which had been trodden by ghostly steps, and to which were added, farther than my mind's eye could reach, the sombre steps of the infinite.

The shed in which we were is composed of two buildings, the geometrical plan of which presents a right angle, in the form of a square or a gibbet. The opening of the square is occupied by a little triangular court which suggests the knife of the guillotine. Grass grows between the paving-stones. The rain was falling there—it was repulsive.

This funereal shed formerly served as a stable for the country magistrates when they came to sit in the town. One can still see the numbers on the boxes in which they stabled their horses while they were on the bench. I

stopped between the two posts marked 3 and 4. An old broken basket was lying on the ground at the bottom of the stall between the two posts; above this stall the largest beams of the gallows were stored.

"For whom do you keep them there?" I said to the Provost. "What is going to be done with them? This wood would keep a poor family warm during the whole winter."

Between the figures 3 and 4, one could perceive high up on the roof a startling object, the trap that opened under the feet of Tapner. One could see the bottom of it, the massive black bolt, the hinges that turned upon eternity, and the two black joists which united the planks. One also distinguished the ingenious mechanism of which the Provost had spoken. It is this too narrow trap which caused the death agony. The culprit could hang on by the elbows and remain suspended from the sides. It is scarcely three feet square, which is not sufficient space on account of the oscillations of the rope. However, the Provost explained that Tapner had been badly pinioned, so that he had been able to move his arms; if he had been better secured, he would have fallen straight and would not have moved. The guardian of the shed had entered and joined us while the Provost was speaking. When he had finished the man added: "Yes, it was the bad pinioning of Tapner that did the mischief, otherwise it would have been magnificent."

Coming out of the shed, the Provost begged to take leave of me, and Mr. Tyrrell offered to conduct me to the house of the plasterer who had taken a cast of Tapner. I accepted.

I knew so little as yet of the streets of the town, that they seemed to me like a labyrinth.

We traversed many of the high streets of Saint Peter Port, where grass grows, and went down a wide street which plunges into one of the four or five ravines by which the town is intersected. Opposite a house, before which grow two cypresses trimmed in the shape of cones, there is a stonemason's. We entered the yard. At first sight, one is struck by the number of crosses and tombstones standing in the passage or against the walls. A workman, alone in a shed, was cementing together some squares of earthenware. Mr. Tyrrell spoke to him in English. "Yes, sir," replied the workman, and he went to the planks in tiers at the end of the shed, searched among the plaster and the dust, and brought back in the one hand a mask, and in the other a head. These were the mask and head of Tapner. The mask had been coloured pink—the plaster of the head remained white. The mask had been modelled on the face with the whiskers and hair still clinging to it, then they had shaved the head and moulded it with the skull, the face and the neck bare. Tapner was famous in Guernsey as Lacenaire had been in Paris.

As the Provost had said, his face was strangely calm. It recalled to me, in a singular way, the admirable Hungarian violinist Reményi. The physiognomy was youthful and grave, the eyes shut as if in sleep, only a little foam, sufficiently thick for the plaster to have taken the impression, remained at the corner of the upper lip, which gave to the face, when regarded for a long while, a sort of ironical sneer. Although the elasticity

of the flesh made the neck at the moment of moulding very nearly the natural size, the mark of the cord was plainly visible, and the running knot, distinctly imprinted under the right ear, had left a hideous swelling.

I wanted to take this head. They sold it to me for three francs.

I had still to make the third stage in this thorny way, for crime has its own as well as virtue.

“Where is Tapner’s grave?” I asked Tyrrell.

He made a gesture and walked on; I followed him.

At Guernsey, as in all English cities, the cemetery is in the town, in the midst of the streets. Behind the College, a massive building in English Gothic, which dominates the whole town, there is one of these cemeteries, the largest, perhaps, in Saint Peter Port. A street was cut through it in the early years of the century, and it is now in two parts. On the western side lie the Guernsey people, on the eastern side the strangers.

We passed along the street which separates the two cemeteries. This street, planted with trees, has scarcely any houses in it, and above the walls which border it, one can see tombstones upright or flat on either side.

• Mr. Tyrrell showed me an open door on the right, and said to me: “It is here.”

• We passed through into the strangers’ portion of the cemetery.

We found ourselves in a long parallelogram enclosed by walls, grass grown, in which some tombs are scattered. There was no rain, the grass was damp, and the long grey clouds were sweeping slowly along the sky.

As we entered we heard the sound of a pickaxe. The

noise ceased, and a living head and shoulders emerged from the ground at the end of the cemetery, and regarded us with astonishment.

It was the gravedigger digging a grave, and standing in it waist deep.

He ceased working when he saw us, not being accustomed to the entrance of living bodies, and being the host only of an hotel of the dead.

We went towards him across the tombs. He was a young man. There was behind him a stone already mossy, on which one could read :

TO ANDRÉ JASINSKI

16th June, 1844.

As we approached him, he resumed his work. When we reached the edge of the grave he looked up, saw us, and tapped the ground with his spade. The ground sounded hollow. The man said to us : " There is a dead body in my way there." Then we understood that he had come across an old grave in digging a new one.

Having said that, he, without waiting our reply, and as if he were talking less to us than to himself, bent down and began to dig once more without troubling himself any more about us. One might have supposed that his eyes were full of the darkness of the grave, and that he could see us no longer.

I spoke to him.

" Are you the man," I said, " who buried Tapper ? "

He stood up and looked at me like a man trying to recall something to mind.

" Tapner ? " said he.

"Yes."

"The fellow who was hanged?"

"Yes; did you bury him?"

"No," replied the man. "It was Mr. Morris, the manager of the cemetery. I am only a journeyman myself."

There seems to be a hierarchy amongst gravediggers.

I resumed:

"Can you point out the grave to me?"

"Whose grave?"

"Tapner's."

The man replied:

"Close to the other man who was hanged."

"Show me the place."

He stretched his arm out of the grave and indicated a spot near the gate by which we had entered, a grassy corner, about fifteen paces square, where there were no stones. The tombstones which filled the cemetery extended to the borders of this funereal square, and stopped as if there were a barrier there insurmountable even to death. The nearest stone backed against the wall of the street bore this epitaph, below which one might read four lines in English, hidden by bushes:

To the
Memory of
AMELIA,
daughter
of JOHN and MARY WINECOMBE.

I entered the solitary square which the gravedigger pointed out. I advanced slowly, my gaze bent on

the ground. Suddenly I felt under my feet a mound, which I had not seen because of the length of the grass. This was where they had buried Tapner.

Tapner's grave is very near the entrance to the cemetery, at the foot of a small hut where the gravediggers leave their spades and pickaxes. This hut stands against the gable-end of a large building, at the side of which its lofty door opens. The wall which skirts the square in which Tapner is buried has a projecting top, under which are suspended four or five ladders, fastened with chains and padlocks. At the spot where the ladders cease the tombs commence. Benediction and malediction are side by side in the cemetery, but they do not mingle. Near the shed one distinguishes another mound, more elongated, and not so prominent as that of Tapner. This is where Béasse is buried.

I spoke to the gravedigger.

"Do you know where the hangman lives who hanged Tapner?"

"The hangman is dead," he replied.

"When did he die?"

"Three months after Tapner."

"Did you bury him?"

"No."

"Is he here?"

"I don't think so."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I do not know."

I snatched a handful of grass from the grave of Tapner, put it in my pocket-book, and came away.

1871.

1st October.

I WENT to see M. Thiers for Rochefort. At half-past twelve departure for Versailles. In the train a man with yellow gloves seemed to recognise me, and looked at me angrily.

Arrival at Versailles at half-past one. Rain and sunshine. At two o'clock I entered the Prefecture, where M. Thiers lives. I was conducted into a room draped with crimson silk.

A moment afterwards, Thiers entered. He held out his hand, and I took it. He led me through corridors and staircases to a secluded apartment where he had a small fire lighted. We conversed. The interview was a long one and was somewhat cordial. I congratulated him on what he had done for the liberation of the territory, and added: "But there is a great gulf between my opinion and yours. Between us there are dissensions in which you remain firm, and so do I; but a mutual examination of conscience is possible. The so-called Commission for Pardons is so ferocious that we cannot hope for any official commutation for Rochefort, but in default of that we may have a commutation in fact." This is what I obtained from Thiers for Rochefort.

Rochefort will not be sent away yet. He will undergo

his punishment in a French fortress. I objected to a fortress, to Belle Isle, to Mont Saint-Michel.

Thiers said to me: "I will bear your wish in mind; I will do more." I declared in favour of Nice. Rochefort will be able to see his family as much as he pleases. So, as he must live, he will be able to write the history of Napoleon III. as he wishes to do, and then in six or seven months the amnesty will come and he will be free.

I should add that Thiers went a good deal into details. Notably he described to me the private scenes in the Assembly and in the councils of war, and his conversation with the Emperor of Austria about the Emperor of Germany, whom the Emperor of Austria calls "my uncle." Suddenly he stopped and remarked: "I have said too much." Then continuing, he said: "No; I know what an honest man I have to deal with," and I told him he might rest assured. For this reason I do not relate the conversation more in detail.

He said: "I am like you, a conquered man with the air of a conqueror. I, like yourself, am in the midst of a whirlwind of abuse. A hundred journals drag my name in the gutter every morning, but I do not read them." I replied: "That is precisely my case, and," I added, "to read diatribes is to breathe the decomposition of one's reputation." He laughed and shook hands with me.

I called his attention to the atrocities already committed, and I recommended him not to execute any of the condemned.

I begged that he would muzzle those people in epaulets. I insisted on an amnesty, and he replied: "I am only a poor devil of a dictator in a black coat."

The interview began at a quarter-past two and lasted until half-past three.

At four o'clock I started for Paris.

In the train were two young officers fresh from Saint-Cyr, and a young woman with a young man, probably her husband. She was reading a paper, the *Éclipse*, in which was a caricature of Henry V. by Gill. I was looking at Sèvres and the woods of Meudon. Suddenly the young woman pointed to a line in the paper, and said: "Ah! very good, Victor Hugo." "Take care," said the young man, "he is there." And he pointed me out discreetly. The young woman took my hat, which was in the rack, kissed the crape upon it, and then she said to me:

"You have suffered greatly, sir. Continue to defend the vanquished." Then she wept.

I kissed her hand. She was a charming creature, and had beautiful eyes.

I assisted her to descend from the train at Paris, and after saluting her, we went our way in opposite directions and mixed with the crowd.

1875.

31st December.

I HAVE had for friends and allies, I have seen successively pass before me, and according to the changes and chances of destiny; I have received in my house, sometimes in intimacy; of chancellors, peers, dukes, Pasquier, Pontécoulant, Montalembert, Bellune, and of great men, Lamennais, Lamartine, Chateaubriand; of Presidents of the Republic, Marlin; of leaders of revolution, Louis Blanc, Montanelli, Arago, Héliade; of leaders of the people, Garibaldi, Mazzini, Kossuth, Microslawski; of artists, Rossini, David D'Angers, Pradier, Meyerbeer, Eugène Delacroix; of Marshals, Soult, Mackau; of Sergeants, Boni, Heurtebise; of Bishops, the Cardinal of Besançon, M. de Rohan, the Cardinal of Bordeaux, M. Donnet; and of comedians, Frederick-Lemaître, Mdlle. Rachel, Mdlle. Mars, Mdm. Dorval, Macready; of Ministers and Ambassadors, Moli, Guizot, Thiers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Normanby, M. de Ligne; and of peasants, Charles Durand; of Princes, Imperial and Royal Highnesses and plain Highnesses, the Duke of Orleans, Ernest of Saxt-Coburg, the Princess of Canino, Louis, Charles, Pierre, and Napoleon Bonaparte; and of shoemakers, Guay; of Kings and Emperors, Jérôme of

Westphalia; Max of Bavaria, the Emperor of Brazil; and of street conjurors, Bourillon. I have sometimes had at one and the same time in my two hands the gloved and white hand of the upper class, and the heavy black hand of the lower class, and have recognised that there is but one man. After all these have passed before me, I say that Humanity has a synonym—Equality; and that under Heaven there is but one thing that one should bow to—Genius; and but one thing that one should kneel to—Goodness.

THE END.

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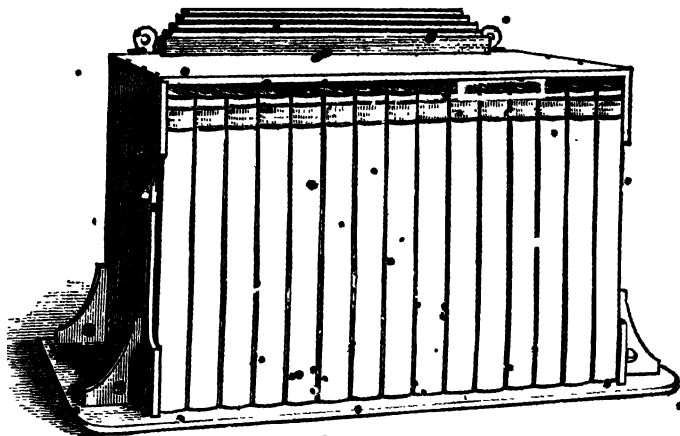
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